



No. 471.—VOL. XXXVII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EVIE GREENE AS "THE COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK AND SUITES, WERE PRESENT AT THE PERFORMANCE OF "A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE, LAST FRIDAY EVENING.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Clubs and the Commons—The United States and Prince Henry—The Maltese Language Question—The Viceroy's Bodyguard.

THE new Rules of Procedure in the House of Commons will affect to a certain extent Club arrangements, and to even a greater extent the dinner-list of hostesses. Wednesday always was the day on which an M.P. was sure, during the Session, to be in London and to have no Parliamentary duties to plead as an excuse for not dining out. Now Friday will be the day on which dinners will be given in honour of our legislators; but the attractions of a Friday to Monday in the country will take many M.P.'s from London by early trains on Friday or late trains on Thursday, and what will be a loss to London dinner-givers will be a gain to country constituencies and county functions. The committees of Clubs will, however, be delighted with the new rules, for a Member will now have time, if he wishes, to dine at his Club instead of taking a hurried meal in the House of Commons' restaurant. For an hour and a-half no division-bell can ring, and the M.P.'s will be able to drive to their Clubs, change into evening-dress, and eat the Club dinner without incurring the anger of the Whips by not being in their places when a division is taken. It will be curious to note whether the concession of the dinner-hour will make it customary for our legislators to wear dress-clothes in the House of an evening.

I imagined that the people of the United States would find some difficulty in arranging the great ceremonies which are part of a Royal visit, and this has been the case. A State performance at the Opera in New York is one of the proposed functions to take place during the visit of Prince Henry, and, as is usual on such occasions, it is intended to throw the boxes in the centre of the grand circle into one great box to be used by the Prince and his suite. Some of the sturdy Republicans, however, who have taken these boxes for the season, object to the appropriation of their temporary property, and it appears as though the State visit to the Opera will have to be omitted from the list of New York entertainments. One could not imagine such an incident happening in Paris or in London. When, in June, the great State performance is given at Covent Garden, there will be an entire rearrangement of the apportionment of the boxes, official claims being the first to be considered, and the gentlemen or ladies who would have occupied on that particular night the boxes they have leased for the season will accept other seats or their box for an extra performance without thinking of grumbling. When His Majesty visits a theatre, as he did the Lyric and Daly's, at the shortest notice, whoever has leased the Royal box for the evening gives way, as a matter of course, to Royalty, and the management finds other seats or another box for the dispossessed playgoers, who very certainly do not grumble at being dispossessed by their Sovereign or any of his family.

I hear that His Majesty showed his usual thought and tact in selecting the theatres to which he should pay his first visit—a very important event in the history of the Playhouse, for it is over forty years since a British Sovereign has visited a public theatre. As the doyen of the managers, Mr. Wyndham's name was the first one submitted to His Majesty, and "The Tyranny of Tears" would have been the performance witnessed, had not the King seen it at the Criterion during its previous run.

That the Italian language may be used in Maltese Courts of Law for a further indefinite period of time has given the Italian nation gratification, and it is pleasant to find one nation on good terms with England. As Malta is gradually becoming an English-speaking island, the matter will eventually be adjusted satisfactorily, in spite of all the agitators of the island. The Maltese Courts have always had about them a fine savour of a Gilbertian libretto. To see a Briton in a British Colony addressed by a British official in a tongue which the Briton did not understand, and which had to be translated to him by a sworn interpreter, would seem to be a pretty bit of fooling, if it were not that it sometimes was a serious matter. From the time of the British occupation, the English midshipman and subaltern have always been to some extent at war with the Maltese magistrates and the Maltese police, and there has been many a scene worthy of Lever's pen enacted when an absolutely impenitent young soldier or sailor has faced the majesty of the law with a whole cohort of the "Smouches" ready to bear evidence against him as to some terrible riot in the theatre or other place of amusement. A fine, paid by the good-natured cigar-seller who was always ready, day or night, to bail out young officers or pay their fines, closed the proceedings, and the subsequent wiggling from the General or Admiral was never of the gravest.

I have not read of any proposal to send home for this summer the Viceroy's bodyguard, and no doubt such suggestion would have to come from Calcutta, but it could very easily be done without any loss to the splendour of the Indian Court. During the hot weather, from March to November, the Viceroy's bodyguard is quartered at Dehra Dhun, a high valley at the foot of the Himalayas, and there they do nothing except exercise their horses. A few troopers are sent to Simla, where two of them invariably precede the carriage of the Viceroy's wife; but the main body of the corps simmers in idleness, and might well for one year add to the magnificence of home ceremonies.

THE CHAPERON.

Lord Rosebery as Ball-Giver—An Old-Fashioned Host—The Two Coming Girl Beauties—The Newest Engagement—The Future Countess—Future Social Happenings—A Charity Fair at No. 1, Arlington Street—Princess Henry of Pless and the Coronation—A Brilliant County Ball.

LORD ROSEBERY'S BALL was not only the first really important dance of the Coronation year, but it brought together an exceptionally interesting gathering of noted people. Nowadays, when "boy-and-girl parties" are a kind of craze, chaperons are considered somewhat out of place in a ball-room, and even intimate friends of the host and hostess, unless actual dancers, do not expect to be invited. Lord Rosebery, so old-fashioned in spite of his being the hope of those politicians whom people are rather unkindly styling "the Liberal Imps," makes no such distinction, and so his ball was graced by some of the most distinguished non-dancers in Society, notably the Duchess of Devonshire, still in deep mourning, but blazing with wonderful jewels; Lady Londonderry, who looked, people thought, a little sad at feeling herself no longer the chaperon of the most popular girl in London; and Lady Tweedmouth, who has just welcomed home her son and his bride.

Many of the girls present wore the pretty coloured gowns to which our eyes have scarcely yet become accustomed, but Daisy confided to one of her partners that, though she thought English girls just lovely, she didn't suppose their frocks made them so. She was, however, much impressed by Lady Crewe's and Lady Helen Vincent's blue gowns. Blue is generally a trying colour, and has been little worn at night of late years, but quite a number of pretty people elected to appear clad in some shade of blue last Wednesday. A good deal of discreet interest centred on Miss Jeanne Langtry: she was brought by Mrs. Edward Hope, and wore a pale-yellow frock, quite simply made. She is lovely, and yet not really like her mother at all. I hear the two coming beauties are Lady Barbara Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's clever young daughter, who seems to have inherited the wit and brilliancy of her aunt, Mrs. Asquith; and Miss Horner, who is an actual descendant of the little Jack who sat in the corner, and whose parents are both shining lights in the Roseberyite political world.

The engagement of Miss Pamela Plowden to the youthful Earl of Lytton is quite the sensation of the moment. Last year, the future Countess's engagement to the wealthiest of bachelor Peers was positively announced, and, rather oddly, contradicted by the young man himself! Lord Lytton is clever and good-looking, as he ought to be, considering his wonderful grandfather, Bulwer Lytton, and his brilliant, versatile father. Miss Pamela has of late years occupied quite a singular place in Society. No unmarried girl, if Mrs. Asquith when Miss Margot Tennant be excepted, was ever in such request. Among her intimate friends have been women as widely different as Lady Granby, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Harry Cust, Lady Wenlock, and Lady Minto. Never had a girl so wide a choice of chaperons. Lord Lytton's younger brother was married, when nineteen, to the only daughter of Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt. The wedding of Lord Lytton and Miss Plowden will, I hear, take place soon, and is sure to be a very smart affair.

All sorts of functions are in the near future. The Charing Cross Hospital Entertainment now being organised by Mrs. Cecil Pownay is sure to be well done. Miss Viola Tree will dance, and many pretty women will appear in the tableaux. Phil May is to act, and a little play, hitherto unacted, by Mr. Frankfort Moore, is to be another item of a long programme. The organisers of the Irish Industries Sale have really scored if they have persuaded Lord Salisbury and Lady Gwendolen Cecil to lend them No. 1, Arlington Street. Never in the memory of woman has this stately house been lent for such a purpose, or for one approximate to it. Many people will pay the entrance-fee simply to gaze at the rooms where "great Salisbury" lives and has his being.

People are already talking of Coronation visitors from the Continent. Princess Henry of Pless is probably one of the very few non-Royal foreign (by marriage) ladies who will be present at the great function, for it is said that her husband will be given some post in connection with Germany's Imperial envoy, and, if so, the Princess will be included in the foreign suites, for whom, it seems, place *must* be found in the Abbey.

This is the time of year when that old British institution, the County Ball, is in full fling, if one may so express it. I hope to have something to say about them next week. Meanwhile, I have had a very lively account of the Meynell Hunt Ball, which quite woke up sleepy Derby. The great houses within a radius of ten miles were filled in honour of what is, after all, a great local event. The White Viennese Band outplayed even itself, and among other local grandees present were Lord and Lady Harrington, who are very popular in the neighbourhood of their delightful place, and they are never happier than when in the country; Sir Peter and Lady Walker, the latter, as usual, very smart and very beautifully dressed; Captain and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, and some three hundred others—in fact, a very representative gathering of town and county, with plenty of "pink" *en evidence*, for Derbyshire takes high rank among hunting counties.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON REFORM IN PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

FOR several years past it has been increasingly evident that some considerable reform in the procedure of Imperial Parliament was necessary if the business of the country was to be overtaken thoroughly, and, with this end in view, the present Government are introducing certain changes in the legislative machinery of the House of Commons. Thinking it desirable to get the opinion in this highly important matter of a man eminently capable of expressing one, a representative of *The Sketch* sought and obtained an interview with Sir Charles Dilke, than whom there is no more experienced statesman in the House. Sir Charles's acquaintance with Parliament dates back to 1868, when he was returned for Chelsea; he has been a Minister of the Crown, and may be again; he has at instant command an enormous fund of exact information on a great variety of subjects—indeed, in many ways it seems a blot on the Party system that a man of his ability and knowledge should not be a member of the Government.

Sir Charles, it is evident, is not inclined to take an optimistic view with regard to the prospect of substantial reform in Parliamentary procedure. And this for the reason that, though the business of Parliament primarily is to legislate, yet there is no sincere, urgent desire for legislation either in Parliament or the country.

"The great majority of Members of Parliament," he said, "have no particular desire for legislation; they are far more sincerely desirous of preventing than of furthering it. And England, taken as a whole, is of the same mind. There may be a desire on the part of Scotland or Ireland or Wales for legislation; but England, as a general thing, is opposed to it. At the same time, it must be admitted that this aversion to legislate is not seen only in the British Parliament: it is a characteristic feature of all the older Parliaments. In Republican France, for example, the wheels of legislation move far more slowly even than at Westminster. It is only in the Australian and New Zealand Parliaments that the legislative machine works really quickly."

"How about Canada?"

"Legislation is comparatively slow in the Dominion, which is governed very much by the example of the United States. For instance, take the Canadian Railways: like those in the States, they are in the hands of private companies. In Canada you see much the same thing you see in the States—'trusts,' great national enterprises in the hands of private companies, and the like."

"As regards Imperial Parliament, Sir Charles, do you not think much time might be saved by remitting all Private Bills for consideration to well-qualified Committees of the House, the third and final reading only being brought before the full House?"

"It is impossible to keep such Bills on their second readings from the House. Many Bills do not get beyond their second reading. The second reading of a Bill calls upon the House to pronounce upon the principle involved in it; if the House is against it, then there is an end of the matter. I do not believe that the House will ever give up the second reading of Private Bills."

"But with respect to Local Bills—say, a Bill for a city or town or district. For example, suppose Leeds has a Waterworks Bill to bring before the House, couldn't it be considered by a Committee, and, if approved, submitted for a third reading only?"

"The difficulty in the way of anything of the kind," replied Sir Charles, "is that, though the Bill may be for a particular district or locality, it might yet involve a principle—furnish a precedent—for the whole country. Where the experiment of 'devolution' has been tried, as with Scotland at the present time, I don't think it has much improved matters in the House. Committees of the House go down to Scotland and sit; but, when they return and the particular measure comes before the House, the whole thing has got to be gone into as if no Scotch Committee existed. The process, in fact, gives more trouble than in former days when there was no Committee."

"Might not the time of Parliament be saved if there were a time-limit set to the speeches of members—say, half-an-hour for Ministers and a quarter-of-an-hour for other members?"

"We are all afraid," returned Sir Charles, "that, with regard to the

limitation of speeches, members would think it necessary to speak up to the limit. At present, except in the case of deliberate obstruction, there is a certain point of honour noticeable in the House as to the length of speeches. I don't see that a time-limit would be any improvement, in the end or general result, on the present system."

"Might not something be done by limiting the number of Questions put to Ministers? At present, Questions are printed in the Orders of the Day; could not Replies be printed in the same way, and taken as read without coming before the House at all?"

"Let us suppose," Sir Charles answered, "that members were limited to one Question per day, they would only spread them over the whole Session. And if you tried to check the thing by a process of sifting, the problem would then arise as to who was or were to do the sifting. At present, the Speaker exercises a certain control over the Questions put on the paper, not only in the case of those which he officially 'disallows,' but also as regards others where he employs what may be called private pressure. The Speaker is, of course, impartial; but would a Committee for sifting Questions be impartial? And, again, I think that the House would not consent to Replies being printed and held as read—the House likes talk, not legislation."

"What about the Closure?"

"In former days the end of a debate was brought about in one of two ways—either a speaker was shouted down and there was a division,

or there was an all-night sitting and the close was brought about by the process of exhaustion. Both of these ways—now and again there is an all-night sitting—have practically passed away. When Closure was introduced, it was imagined that when the Chairman intimated Closure to the Speaker, and the Speaker put it to the House, there would be no more trouble; but the application of Closure now merely brings about another Party division over the motion. Closure has not done, by any means, all that was anticipated from it."

"You are not very sanguine, Sir Charles, about any improvement in the House's way of doing business?"

"The House, as a whole, does not wish to legislate," Sir Charles repeated. "Some of us do. But that the majority do not you can see from the pale, shadowy Acts passed of recent years."



THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, M.P.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

A REVOLUTION AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

If Mr. Balfour's scheme is adopted, the House of Commons will meet at two o'clock instead of three. It will not rise earlier, but there will be a regular adjournment for dinner. At present, the Speaker goes out for his chop as soon as a talker sits down after eight o'clock. The new proposal is that the House should have a fixed dinner-hour between eight and nine, and, as no

division could take place between a quarter-past-seven and eight, members might have really two hours off.

Society may be upset by the proposal that the Commons should have their night-off on Friday instead of Wednesday. This would interfere with the great social functions in the middle of the Parliamentary week. On the other hand, the early rising on Friday would enable members to enjoy a longer week-end.

Questions are not to be curtailed, but members who wish to save the time of the House may have the answers printed instead of spoken. Only one supplementary is to be allowed to arise out of any answer. At present, questions are put at the beginning of the sitting. It is proposed that henceforth the ordinary oral questions should be asked between 7.15 and the dinner adjournment, and that those then unanswered might be addressed to Ministers at midnight. The latter proposal pleases men who hope to worry the Government. It ought to be dropped. Penalties for disorder are to be increased. First offence, twenty days' suspension; second, forty days; third, eighty days. The last penalty is really suspension for sixteen Parliamentary weeks, and, if the punishment has not been completed at the end of one Session, it will be continued in the next.

NOTE.

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THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Prince's Return—The Princess at the Play—Water, Water, Everywhere—The Wasted Millions—The Epidemic and the Cold—Disappearing London—The Decorated Statues.

I WAS glad to see the Prince of Wales looking so well when he got home last week. A good many people went to welcome him on his arrival at Charing Cross, and we all thought that he looked a good deal more cheerful than he did when he went away. In spite of the fact that the Emperor did everything he could to make the Prince's stay a pleasant one, the idea of visiting a country which has libelled us so ferociously cannot have been overpleasant, and I should not be surprised if the Prince was jolly glad to be home again.

Last week, I was at the St. James's Theatre, in "The Man in the Street's" own particular place, the pit, when, after the first act had begun, I noticed that a policeman had come in, and was keeping an eye on a box opposite. I looked up, and saw that the occupants were the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Teck, who were making what I believe was the first visit of any of the Royal Family to a theatre since Queen Victoria's death. I noticed that the Princess was in quite slight mourning, and that she enjoyed the wit of the play immensely. I did not see the King and Queen at "Mice and Men"; but that was an even more historic occasion, for it was the first time that an English Sovereign had been to a theatre for forty years.

As "The Man in the Street" is the person most interested in the matter, I have a right to say my say on the London Water Question. What "The Man in the Street" wants is a cheap and continuous supply. He does not care a rap who manages the affair so long as it is a sensible and business-like body, which will see fair and do its job well without any fads or frills. Some people, especially when they have got out of touch with "The Man in the Street," do not seem to grasp the fact that he does not pay attention to details, but only to broad results, and that, so long as he gets what he wants, he does not care how or by whom the job is done.

I can just remember when Lord (then Mr.) Cross introduced his Water Bill, and how it was wrecked. If that Bill had been passed, it is obvious to everyone that the public would have been saved many millions, and we should have had a good and cheap water-supply all these years. It would not be a bad thing if someone were to look up the old debates and find out who smashed the Bill and why they did it. Anyhow, I hope that the matter will be settled properly this time. But we shall never get the benefit of those wasted millions.

I should have thought that the roaring, cold wind which we had at the end of last week would have blown the small-pox bacillus, or whatever it is, into the sea; but, on the contrary, the number of cases increased in the most surprising way. A friend of mine who fancies that he knows something of medicine tells me that cold is favourable to small-pox, and I suppose he must be right. Anyhow, I have done the best I can for myself, and have got three pink patches, each as big as a shilling, on my left arm to prove that I "took" all right when I was vaccinated at Christmas-time. I see that they are going for us over chicken-pox now, but I haven't had time to read the placards on the walls about it.

I was down by Sloane Square the other day, and saw that they were pulling down poor old Eaton Chapel, which has been an unsightly part of the landscape there as long as I can remember. It won't be missed for its beauty. The mania for pulling London down is getting so prevalent that I am always having to learn my way about parts of the town that I have known all my life. Sloane Square is absolutely different from what it was a very few years ago. I see, too, that the houses to the west of Waterloo Place, just opposite the Guards' Monument, are nearly level with the ground. I only hope that they won't build something to match the hideous new storey they put on the top of the Athenæum Club a little while ago.

Charles I. and General Gordon both have wreaths placed at the foot of their statues in Trafalgar Square. I never could understand why the police made a fuss about placing the wreaths on the King's statue, and I am glad that the decoration was done this year without anyone taking any notice of it. Of course, since the male line of the Stuarts has been extinct for a hundred years, the commemoration is merely a sentimental one, but thousands still live who knew poor Gordon, and it would be a discreditable thing were his memory not honoured among us on the anniversary of his murder at Khartoum.

At the forthcoming Exhibition at Earl's Court, Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Limited, have the sole supply of Scotch whisky, and their famous white label is to be a special feature.

The Colonial Office has arranged with the Hôtel Cecil to provide the necessary accommodation for the whole of the Colonial Premiers who will be present to attend the Coronation. It may be recollected that a similar arrangement was made on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

"ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE was no doubt about the applause when Mr. Beerbohm Tree, after apologising for the lateness of the hour, spoke of "Ulysses" as a "noble work." Whether it surpasses "Herod" in merit or no, it is certainly a play of high aim and noteworthy accomplishment, and playgoers should flock to Her Majesty's to see how Mr. Stephen Phillips has handled the mighty poem of Homer. For once, probably, even the hypercritical will not utter the word "adaptation" as a term of reproach. All that could be preserved of the spirit and even phrases of the original has been kept by the dramatist, and one has a moving story told in fine verse and embellished by the richest contributions of the sister arts. The curious will be anxious to see how Mr. Tree, the greatest *metteur-en-scène* of our times, has accomplished the awful task of putting heaven and hell on one stage. It is possible as well as human that his success has been greater in the lower department of the extra territorial. It is not certain that we have not had better pictures of heaven—or, one should say, Olympus—but a more impressive Hades has not been given on the stage, whilst the Palace scenes and the Grotto are beautiful.

The literary world has put Mr. Phillips in a class by himself, and the correctness of this view may fairly be judged by the poetry which illumines his remarkable version of the old-world story of Ulysses in search of his wife, and the patient Penelope striving for the light to remain his spouse. Of course, it is an old-world story. The task of Mr. Stephen Phillips is in some sense merely that of adapter, and the accomplishment, fortunately, that of a reverent adapter, though not in the ordinary sense of the word, since certainly he makes fun of the Olympians, and even ventures upon jests at the appalling Zeus. It is half a pity that the Latin names are not used; Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, and Minerva seem old friends, whilst Zeus, Hermes, Aphrodite, and Athene are almost strangers to some of us—merely old school-fellows; and yet Ulysses himself hardly by his name betrays his origin. Maybe, the consequence of this superb production will be further questions of authorship; there is doubt, as the old story tells, whether Homer was himself or another fellow of the same name, and now one fears lest Mrs. Gallup, going the whole hog, should pretend that Bacon wrote the "Odyssey." Anyhow, we know he did not write "Ulysses," the "noble work" that will draw crowds to Her Majesty's, to listen to the music of the verse, to be thrilled by the passions of the story, amazed by the splendour of the scenery, and staggered by the power of the acting. Of course, the chief question, since everyone knows how fine the play is, must be about the Ulysses himself, in which part Mr. Tree does wonders. A curious, grim, poetical figure, vividly portrayed with a subtle touch of acid humour—a very notable figure. Playgoers will regret the absence of Mrs. Potter, the ideal Calypso, but the success of Miss Nancy Price will be a cause of congratulation. Miss Lily Hanbury, looking superb, is most impressive as Penelope, and Mr. Lionel Brough made quite the hit of the evening. Miss Constance Collier, giving further proof of her versatility, was a magnificent Athene. Mr. Fulton was an effective Zeus; Mr. Oscar Asche, fresh from his triumph at the Garrick, gave vigorous aid as the imperious Antinous; and the singing of Mr. Courtice Pounds once more was of valuable service. Everyone has heard of the remarkable scenery and the picturesque dresses, which to the unlearned will give quite a new, and doubtless true, idea of the times when the Greek heroes walked the earth and were on friendly terms with the inhabitants of high Olympus.

THE ROYALTY REOPENED.

ALTHOUGH the Royalty's new lessees, Messrs. R. C. Herz and T. Jellings Blow, did not meet with success with their first venture there—"The Swineherd and the Princess," to wit—they have now pluckily made another bid for public favour. This time they have selected a play prepared by this theatre's esteemed proprietor, Miss Kate Santley. It is, strangely enough, yet another adaptation of "Divorçons," by Sardou and Najac. I say strangely enough, because the Royalty would seem to be destined to be used for this play in some form or another. It was here that that charming and varied actress, Mdlle. Jane May, used to appear in the original French piece, and it was here that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boucher produced an English version, prepared by Mr. Herman Merivale and entitled "The Queen's Proctor." Miss Santley's adaptation—a very free one—differs considerably from previous British-made plays adapted from or suggested by the same source. While selecting the best materials of Sardou and Najac's comedy, Miss Santley has added sundry amusing points of her own—points that serve to emphasise the quite English environment she has chosen. Among other things, Miss Santley has worked in the English law which permits separation on the ground of incompatibility of temper. This amusing play, entitled "Mixed Relations" (which I hope to treat more fully anon), has a strong cast, including Misses Pollie Emery, Rose Casalet, Elizabeth Kirby, and Decima Moore, all bright and clever ladies; and Messrs. E. W. Garden, A. Vane Tempest, A. Willoughby, Victor Widdicombe, Paul M. Berton, and R. C. Herz, all worthy and well-contrasted comedians. Considering the small dimensions of the Royalty stage, "Mixed Relations" is admirably mounted.



MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "ULYSSES,"

THE POETIC DRAMA MAGNIFICENTLY PRODUCED BY MR. BEERBOHM TREE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

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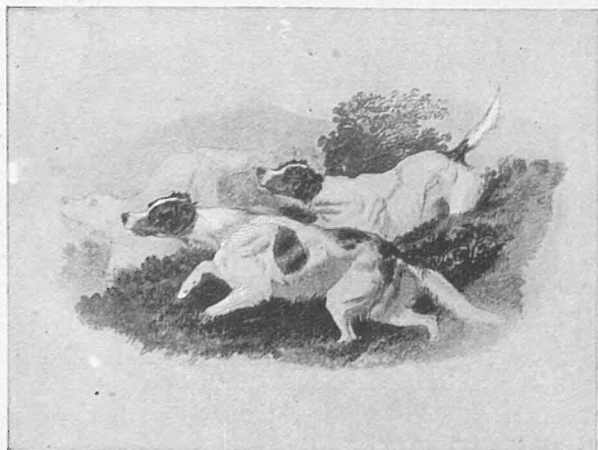
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INTERNATIONAL CRICKET TEST-MATCHES IN ENGLAND.

IT has been decided by the Board of Control that the dates and places for the five test-matches to be played during the forthcoming season shall be as follows: May 29, at Birmingham; June 12, at Lord's; July 3, at Sheffield; July 24, at Manchester; and Aug. 11, at Kennington Oval. Inasmuch as these matches are, as a rule, very profitable, and all grounds cannot have one, a distribution of profits has been devised which, it is hoped, will give general satisfaction. Certainly it should to the second-class counties, who received nothing from these matches in 1899 and in the present year are—at least, those who take part in the Second Division contest—to have ten per cent. of the moneys taken at the gates which remain after half the gross proceeds have been set aside to the Australians and expenses allowed by the Board of Control have been deducted. The ground whereon the test-match is played is to receive forty per cent. of such half gross receipts, and the remaining fifty per cent. is to be pooled for division among the fifteen first-class counties and the "M.C.C." in equal shares. This is a much more equitable arrangement than any hitherto adopted. It now seems a pity that the Australian cricketers cannot be invited to this country in the same way that our cricketers are induced to visit the Colonies. The speculative element is not consistent with the tenets of amateurism, and one does not want to see the latter eliminated altogether from the best of games.

Success to "St. Martin's Summer," the new play by Lady Colin Campbell and Miss Clo. Graves, to be produced next Friday by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at Brighton. Report speaks of it as a charming piece, with fine parts for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who will appear as Mrs. Trecarrel, of Trecarrel Court, Cornwall.

Advertisers and journalists alike will find "Willing's Press Guide for 1902" very handy. It is so compact and well arranged that the particulars of any newspaper or periodical may be ascertained without loss of time. It is the most neatly classified newspaper guide extant, and orders for it should pour into Mr. James Willing junior, 125, Strand.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

"The King So Wills It."

In old days, the phrase "Le Roy le veult" even in this country was currently quoted, and now, when the Sovereign of these realms and his gracious Consort are so universally beloved, it is to be hoped that their Majesties' wishes will be carried out most scrupulously. Those who should know declare that the King is particularly anxious that the Coronation Year should be distinguished by brilliancy and splendour. London and every great provincial centre will receive crowds of foreign visitors, and all should join in giving these not always friendly critics a favourable impression of the heart of the Empire, as little England has now become.

Long Live the Prince of Wales!

The country gives a hearty welcome home to the Prince of Wales. Only those great potentates who rule over Scotland Yard and the International Police know of how great was the risk run by His Royal Highness. "I call that real Royal pluck!" exclaimed one of the potentates already referred to, in tones of admiration. Berlin is seething with an underworld of Anarchistic Socialists, and there must be many Sipidos among them.

The Prince of Wales and the Kaiser.

The Prince of Wales received in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in the Prussian Capital) a welcome well becoming his position and his personality. Cold and wet as was the night of his arrival, that did not prevent thousands of Berliners from assembling outside the large Lehrter Station to welcome their Emperor's cousin. The Prince drove off on his arrival with the Kaiser to the Castle in Berlin, there to have a quiet little dinner and good night's rest after his stormy passage and lengthy journey. All sorts of rumours had, of course, been spread throughout the town of possible surly behaviour on the part of the Germans towards the Prince. Needless to say, they proved as unfounded as unjust and absurd. The German people never go into ecstasies over anyone, not even over their own Emperor; it is not their way. As His Royal Highness drove rapidly down the Unter den Linden, hats were raised, and a few desultory "Hochs" ejaculated, but the lack of cheering was not an exception to but an observance of the general rule. The next day, the Prince paid numerous duty calls at all the Embassies, on Count Bülow, General Hahnke, and others. He dined at mid-day with the Queen's Dragoons, and then drove off with the Emperor to Potsdam, there to pay the mausoleum in the quiet little churchyard the visit which all expected him to pay.

The Emperor's birthday on the following day meant for His Imperial Majesty and his Royal guest a long, unceasing round of

pleasant but rather tiring ceremonial. Service in the Round Church in the Castle immediately after a hasty breakfast, hand-shaking incessant with hundreds of Princes, Princesses, nobles, Generals, and Diplomats, a good two hours' work of strict attention to the duties of the "Defilircour," or Drawing-Room, then a family meal in the shape of a good lunch with the Emperor and his family. While all this was going on in the Castle, the Chapel, and the State Rooms, Berlin was being lit up with a bright sun and unclouded blue sky, and a crowded throng of people, unequalled since the visit of the Emperor of Austria at the coming of age of the Crown Prince, swirled backwards and forwards and round and round in the Unter den Linden and streets adjoining.

The Prince spent the day with his relations; in the evening, statesmen and members of the Municipality gave dinners and drank his health together with that of the Kaiser, and then all went home to wake up the next morning to find the town and surrounding country white with snow and skating going on all around them. It seemed as if a fairy had touched the German Capital with a magic wand. The Prince drove off through the snow to the Lehrter Bahnhof, and all resumed its normal aspect, with the exception that the sunny, birthday-greeting Berlin had changed into a dull, snow-clad city. The train steamed off to Strelitz, and the Kaiser remained on the platform waving good-bye to his disappearing guest.

London's Lord-Lieutenant.

It was about two years ago that London, as a county, acquired her present Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Fife, who succeeded the venerable and venerated Duke of Westminster. A Scotch Baron, an Irish Earl, and a British Duke, his Grace is extremely popular in every part of the United Kingdom, and he is Lord-Lieutenant of distant Elginshire as well as of London. Long before his marriage to Princess Louise, now Princess Royal, the Duke, or Earl, as he then was, of Fife was honoured by the intimate friendship of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, and his house was one of the few bachelors' houses at which the present Queen ever visited. Although the public therefore were taken by surprise when the engagement was announced, yet to those who knew it seemed the most natural thing in the world. The marriage was, of course, important because in that year of 1889 the present Prince and Princess of Wales were not married, and it seemed quite possible that the Crown of England might one day descend to Princess Louise, whose husband in that case would occupy the somewhat unenviable position of Prince Consort. It may be shrewdly suspected that no one was more delighted than Princess Louise when three stalwart sons were born to her brother, the Duke of York.



THE DUKE OF FIFE AS LORD-LIEUTENANT OF LONDON.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



Crown Prince. The Kaiser. Prince of Wales.

THE KAISER AND THE PRINCE OF WALES IN BERLIN.

Photograph by Anschütz, Berlin.

Windsor Castle in Elizabeth's Days.

An exceedingly interesting lecture on "Windsor Castle: Past and Present," was delivered at the Windsor Royal Albert Institute the other day by Mr. W. Oldham to a crowded audience. As emphasising the difference in the accommodation of the present day with that in the time of "good Queen Bess," an amusing incident was related. The Queen had her hands so full with the Spanish War, the Armada, Mary Queen of Scots, and other troublesome matters, that little attention was paid to the interior of the Castle. In consequence, the Maids of Honour waited on the Queen to ask that the ceilings of their rooms might be repaired, as the rain came through; also that the partition walls of their chambers might be carried up to the ceilings, as the pages and young noblemen of the Court occupying adjoining rooms had "inquiring minds." The request was promptly granted. What happened to the young men of "inquiring minds" is not recorded.

Ireland's Premier Duke.

Every reader of *The Sketch* on both sides of the Irish Channel will sincerely cherish the hope that the long sea-voyage to Australia of the young Duke of Leinster may result in bringing health and vigour to a delicate constitution and a frame that has outgrown its strength. Maurice FitzGerald, sixth Duke of Leinster, is premier Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Ireland; born on March 1, 1887, he is not quite fifteen, and is already almost six feet in height. His father and mother died in 1893, thus leaving him an orphan when still a child. The young Duke has inherited a number of titles and a tract of country extending to nearly fifty thousand acres. Of unaffected and gentle manners, the young Duke—whose brother, Lord Desmond FitzGerald, born in 1888, is his heir—is a great favourite with all his dependents.

Descendant of a Hundred Kings.

Don Jaime of Bourbon, the clever and good-looking son of Don Carlos, is one of the most interesting Royal personages whose lives have perforce to be spent in exile. The descendant of a hundred Kings, Sovereigns of France and of Spain, His Royal Highness has never tasted the pleasures of future Sovereignty, though his brilliant, eccentric father has many adherents both in France and on the other side of the Pyrenees. Don Jaime is thirty-one and is the only brother among four sisters; and, curiously enough, he was born in Switzerland, at that time one of the very few countries in Europe where Don Carlos and his pious Princess, Marguerite of Parma, could find a shelter. The young Prince has had a curious life. Educated in England, at the Roman Catholic College of Beaumont, near Windsor, he entered the Russian Army; but he has many warm friends in this country, and, were there ever to be another Carlist War, it is said that quite a number of young Englishmen, schoolfellows of the Prince, would place themselves at his disposal. Don Jaime is now lying very ill at Nice.



DON JAIME OF BOURBON (SON OF DON CARLOS), WHO IS LYING VERY ILL AT NICE.

A Liberal Hostess.

Lady Aberdeen, after a too long absence from social London, is once more entertaining—well and wisely, as she has done in the past—the somewhat scattered members of the Liberal Party. It is sometimes said that even the cleverest woman in the world cannot be at the same time a social



LADY ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

leader and also a philanthropist, but the ex-Vicereine of Ireland and of Canada gives the lie to this saying, for she is one of the most energetic of our great ladies in well-doing, while at the same time it is admitted that few modern hostesses possess to such a degree as she does the art of making even the least promising of political "small and earlies," or, as they were more truly styled by an Irish Member, "great and hurly-burlys," really enjoyable to all her guests. Lady Aberdeen is now helped in doing the honours of her London house by her accomplished and pretty young daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who is very literally walking in her mother's footsteps.

Our Easy-Going Premier.

Lord Salisbury does not encourage a taste for public appearances. He is quite content that the public should forget himself and his House. In the second week of the Session the Peers met only once, and last week they had merely the sitting at which that hale old Lord, the Earl of Wemyss, provided the Government with a vote of confidence. Lord Salisbury dozed, or seemed to doze, during a considerable portion of the superfluous debate, but (catch a weasel asleep) he was attentive enough when Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, pleaded for terms for the Boers. Nobody has a higher opinion than the Prime Minister has of a plucky man, even though he disagrees with him. At the rising of the House he suggested that they should not meet again for another week. "The business before us," he said, "is not of an exceedingly important character." In fact, there was none. Lord Spencer did not object to a week off duty; Lord Rosebery had gone away; and there were no ambitious young Peers to plead for opportunities of distinction. Happy is the House with annals so dull!

The Younger Mr. Chamberlain.

Seldom has the Colonial Secretary shown tender emotion in the House of Commons. One of the few occasions was when Mr. Gladstone praised his son's maiden speech. He had quarrelled by that time with his former Chief, but the Grand Old Man did not lack magnanimity. Again last week Mr. Chamberlain displayed a feeling of gratification as he listened to his son's long and singularly able speech defending the Treasury and Post Office agreement with the National Telephone Company. The young man has not the debating skill of the elder. Such qualities are not hereditary. He has, however, a clear style, a mastery of detail, and an admirable manner. No ill-will is felt for the Secretary to the Treasury even by those who, in his father's case, carry political animosity into personal relationship. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is thirty-nine, and is unmarried.

A Veteran Peer.

Well might Lord Tweedmouth express the hope that when he reached the age of the Earl of Wemyss he would be as vigorous. Lord Wemyss is eighty-four years old, but is as keen as most men half his age. In moving his War motion in the House of Lords, he spoke for about fifty minutes in a voice plainly heard in every part of the chamber. As a "Liberal-Conservative," he sits on a cross-bench and deals his blows impartially to right and left, but on this occasion he gave spirited support to the Government, and reserved his smashing strokes for his fellow-countryman, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

Our Youngest Duchess.

The Duchess of Westminster is at the present moment the youngest among the feminine wearers of the strawberry-leaves, and, according to popular rumour, her Grace is likely to remain so for some time, for none of the bachelor Dukes show the slightest desire to change their state. Greatly to the joy of the Duke's native county, Cheshire, the



MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS, WHO PLAYS MISS PILKERTON IN "PILKERTON'S PEERAGE" SO CHARMINGLY

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

head of the house of Grosvenor and his bride seem devoted to Eaton Hall, and the Duchess is already immensely popular in the neighbourhood, where, however, she was already known, as Miss Cornwallis-West, owing to her frequent visits to her grandmother, Lady Olivia Fitz-Patrick. Christmas was celebrated in really grand old style, much as it used to be in the early days of the late Duke and his beautiful first Duchess. It is, however, probable that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster will spend the whole of the Coronation season at Grosvenor House, where it is likely that a number of great entertainments will take place, especially during Coronation week.

The Countess of Halsbury.

Lady Halsbury, the gentle, kindly-looking wife of the Lord Chancellor—whose only daughter, Lady Evelyn Giffard, has just become engaged to another member of her father's famous legal family—is present at most of the great State functions. Both as a Peeress and as the wife of the Lord Chancellor, Lady Halsbury is entitled to all kinds of privileges; but she does not much care for Society, and is really happier when spending a few quiet weeks at her husband's quaintly named Cornish home, Pendrucombe. Halsbury, the original home of the Giffard family, and which was actually in their possession in the days of Edward I., was, unfortunately, sold about a hundred and fifty years ago; but Lord and Lady Halsbury have always kept in close touch with the West of England. Tiverton, Lord Halsbury's second title and that by which his only son is known, was also a possession of the Giffard family during many generations.

The Countess of Ilchester.

The twentieth century may be said to have abolished middle-age, and in few women is this seen to a more striking degree than in the Countess of Ilchester, who is certainly one of the youngest-looking mothers-in-law in Society. Lord and Lady Ilchester will have been married thirty years next Saturday (Feb. 8), but they both contrive to look years younger than many of their contemporaries, perhaps because they are so greatly interested in all matters of moment, and also, doubtless, because their London house is far away from the turmoil and rush of modern life. A French diplomat is said to have exclaimed, when visiting for the first time this lovely retreat, "In such a spot, how easy it would be to grow old gracefully!" Lady Ilchester has proved that, amid these enchanted groves and world-famous gardens, it is exceptionally easy to retain one's youth. As to her hobbies—and

nowadays no great lady is without them—the mistress of Holland House has always been an enthusiastic dog-lover and firm friend and supporter of that most excellent society, the Ladies' Kennel Association.

A Lovely Ex-Vicereine.

Of the many charming and accomplished women who have exercised gentle sovereignty over Ireland during the last twenty years there was none who could compare in actual beauty with the Marchioness of Londonderry. Although she celebrated her silver wedding two years ago, Lady Londonderry has retained a really wonderful look of youth, and this in spite of the fact that she is delicate and has lately had to hand over many of her social duties to her only daughter. One of the lovely sisters of the present Lord Shrewsbury, and therefore entirely English by birth and lineage, she has yet made herself beloved in Ireland; and, since she came there as a bride, her happiest hours of leisure have been spent at Mount Stewart, the splendid Irish seat of Lord Londonderry, and a spot full of interest to those who cherish the memory of his great ancestor, Castlereagh. Londonderry House is one of the palaces which line Park Lane; it has been the scene of some famous entertainments and some notable gatherings, but few, however, have rivalled that which took place not only on the day of Lady Helen Stewart's marriage, but on the afternoon preceding her wedding, when her truly wonderful array of presents was on view to her own and to Lord Stavordale's large circle of friends.

The King and the Postmaster-General.

It is rather an interesting fact that the new postage-stamps should have been issued, as it were, under the careful eye of one of His Majesty's oldest and most intimate friends, for that Lord Londonderry may truly claim to be. His Majesty has often been the Postmaster's guest both in London and at splendid Wynyard, and, had it not been that the Sovereign can scarcely attend in the private capacity of a guest the wedding of even the most charming of his subjects, there is no doubt that King Edward would have honoured Lady Helen Stewart with his presence on the occasion of her wedding. Lord Londonderry in his time has played many rôles, but he has never been seen to more advantage than as the father of the clever and accomplished young lady who is now known to all and sundry as Lady Helen Stavordale—indeed, it is said that so devoted was Lady Helen to her father that that was the real reason why she elected to remain unwed till she had passed the age of five-and-twenty. At one time Lord Londonderry's greatest friend



MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

in our Royal Family was the gifted Duke of Albany, and he stood sponsor to Lady Helen. Lord Londonderry is immensely interested in the practical workings of the great Department over which he is now Chief, and (let report gossip as it may about the Telephone trouble) it is said that he has suggested several of the useful postal reforms which have taken place during the last few months.

An Interesting Group.

I reproduce herewith a photograph of a number of Kingchow and Shasi officials who recently celebrated the Japanese Emperor's forty-ninth birthday. Those in the front row are (from left to right): (1) Magistrate Yang Shou-chang, Chinese; (2) T. Wakamatsu, H.I.J.M.'s Consul; (3) Duke and Brigadier-General Jui Hsing, Manchu; (4) Tartar



GROUP OF KINGCHOW AND SHASI OFFICIALS WHO CELEBRATED THE JAPANESE EMPEROR'S FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Photograph sent by Mr. A. L. Bessell.

General Chi Lu, Manchu; (5) Taotai Pu Tzu-tung, Chinese; (6) C. C. Stuhlmann, Ph.D., Commissioner of Customs; (7) Prefect Shu Hui, Manchu. The gentlemen standing are: (1) B. Tani, Japanese Postmaster; (2) K. Tochtermann, Chinese Customs Service; (3) Captain Matsudaira, Japanese Superintendent of Police; (4) J. Nakamura, Chancellor Japanese Consulate; (5) F. L. Bessell, Chinese Customs Service; (6) M. Osugi, Chancellor Japanese Consulate.

Colonel McCalmont's New Yacht.

There seems to be something in the principle of the Parsons' turbine-steamer, after all, as there is certainly something in the Marconi system of telegraphy. Messrs. Yarrow are to build a turbine-yacht for Colonel McCalmont, M.P., of the torpedo-boat type, to steam twenty-four knots, and she will be of 170 tons. The Clyde turbine-steamer *King Edward* has been found to use much less coal, on her mileage, than any other Clyde passenger-steamer. The coal-bill counts for much in a long or short voyage or on the railway, as shareholders very well know.

Preparing for the Boat-Race.

Few who remember—and who does not?—the gallant struggle of last year, when Oxford drew level at the Brewery, Mortlake, and won by two-fifths of a length, can fail to look forward to the Inter-University Boat-Race of the coming spring with a great deal of interest. Practically, two months remain for preparation, so there is plenty of time for indulging in pleasurable anticipation. Cambridge would appear to be particularly fortunate. Already, President Taylor is almost able to decide as to the composition of his crew, which promises to be one possessed of both speed and stamina, and he is, moreover, in the pleasant position of having a strong force of reserves upon which to call should mishap or breakdown occur.

It is understood that the Eight will go to Cookham, as guests of Colonel Ricardo, on Feb. 18. In the meantime, they will endeavour, on the Cam or at Ely, to acquire that swing and finish which count for so much in a race of this kind, or any other boat-race for the matter of that. Oxford also look like being near to a settled arrangement of places, and the alterations of last week are considered to have effected improvement, especially by the placing of F. O. J. Huntley at stroke. Naturally, the crew at present lacks polish, but there is plenty of good material for the coach to deal with, and in judicious hands the result should be eminently satisfactory. At present the outlook may be said to favour Cambridge, but when the crews appear on the Upper Thames waters a better opportunity will be presented of forming an opinion. The crews, as I write, are formed thus—

OXFORD.

	st.	lb.
G. C. Drinkwater (Wadham) (bow)...	11	4
2. D. Milburn (Lincoln) ...	11	12½
3. J. Younger (New) ...	12	12
4. H. J. Hale (Balliol) ...	12	12½
5. J. G. Milburn (Lincoln) ...	13	2½
6. A. de L. Long (New) ...	13	0
7. H. W. Adams (University) ...	12	2
F. O. J. Huntley (University) (stroke) ...	11	5
G. S. MacLagan (Magdalen) (cox) ...	8	5

CAMBRIDGE.

	st.	lb.
W. H. Chapman (Third Trinity) (bow) ...	11	5½
2. T. Drysdale (Jesus) ...	12	6
3. J. Edwards-Moss (Third Trinity) ...	12	7½
4. C. W. H. Taylor (Third Trinity) ...	12	13
5. F. J. Escombe (Trinity Hall) ...	12	11
6. H. B. Grylls (First Trinity) ...	12	7½
7. P. H. Thomas (Third Trinity) ...	12	9½
R. H. Nelson (Third Trinity) (stroke) ...	11	6½
H. C. S. Wasbrough (Trinity Hall) (cox) ...	8	5

Arthur Morrison's Influence.

There is probably no present-day writer who has taken Time by the forelock in the same original way as Mr. Arthur Morrison. His new novel, "The Hole in the Wall," has just been finished, but it will not be published until the early autumn, not before the end of August, perhaps not until September. The curious, however, may see it announced among his works in the current year's "Who's Who." By the way, talking of Mr. Morrison, he has just had paid to him one of the most remarkable tributes which any novelist could desire.

A lady who had read "The Child of the Jago," over a year ago, was so impressed with it that, coming across a boy who was living under much the same conditions as the hero of Mr. Morrison's famous story of the East-End, she resolved to try to direct him into other channels. His parents consented to give him up, and he was sent to a farm in the country. Before that, however, he had to be made physically fit for his new surroundings by copious libations and purifications and the gift of new clothes. He was put to work in the fields, and at the same time the rudiments of an education were begun. The old fits of idleness and disinclination to work would come over him at times, but he has been helped to overcome them and he has fast developed into a very worthy little citizen of the community in which he lives. It was not until after a year had elapsed, and she had seen the way in which the boy was going, that the lady wrote to Mr. Morrison to tell him of the influence which his novel had wrought in her, and its outcome, as far as the boy is concerned. In the boy the author has developed a great interest, taking a decidedly human and wholesome view of his backslidings, which prove him to be simply an ordinary lad and not a saint. Mr. Morrison, it need hardly be said, is not a little gratified at the outcome of the experiment, the more so in that a whole year was allowed to elapse from its inception till he was informed of it. This, however, is one of many similar instances which, were he willing, he could recount.

"The Child of the Jago" is interesting from another point of view, for it is said to be the only novel by a living author which the King, then Prince of Wales, has ever mentioned in the course of a speech. It was when His Majesty was opening one of the Institutes in the East-End, in the very heart of the district which Mr. Morrison calls the "Jago," that he referred to the story, giving some little description which he must have obtained at first-hand by reading it himself.

Oxford and Kipling.

Hear an *Isis* parodist on the attitude of Kipling (by implication) towards the members of the Oxford University Volunteer Battalion. Many have replied to the great Jingo poet in his own metre, but I have not seen anything better than this—

THE PLAINT OF THE O.U.V.B.

(Apologies to R. K.)

"Lord of the Gleaming Rifle, Prince of the Pipeclayed Pouch"—
Such were the names ye gave me, and I rose from my early couch,
And ye drilled me in draughty gardens, ye reviewed me in marshy mead,
And I tramped to the distant ranges, and ye said I was marksman indeed.

"Lord of the mildew'd musket, shooter of bugs and blank,"
Such are the names men give me, and call me a Jingo crank;
And they turn out to jeer at my drilling (some know not, some suffered at school);
And they all return to their "mud" once more, both the "oaf" and the
"flanneled fool."

Forty score playing at soldiers. R. K., what a blessed sight!
Most of them play in the "mud" next day, and engage in a less sham fight:
If the soldier's a noble lion, the athlete a senseless sloth,
Say, Lord of Empty Windbags, how can a man be both?



THE MISSING WAR-SLOOP, H.M.S. "CONDOR."

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

Dublin's Lord Mayor.

In view of the visit of the King to Ireland, it will be curious to see what Dublin's new Lord Mayor does or abstains from doing, for it would be absurd to pretend that Timothy Charles Harrington is a fervently loyal subject of His Majesty. He and his brother have long been well-known members of the House of Commons. Timothy, who is a broth of a boy of fifty or so, condescended to be educated at Trinity

College, Dublin, but he made up for this concession to the abhorred Sassenach by founding the *Kerry Sentinel* and taking a prominent part in the Land League and the National League—indeed, he was Honorary Secretary of the last-named organisation. Apart from politics, Timothy is much liked in the House of Commons, and also at the Irish Bar, to which he was called just in time to become counsel for Mr. Parnell at the famous Special Commission.



MR. T. C. HARRINGTON, M.P.,
RE-ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

stalwart "Men of Ulster," although he is, of course, technically speaking, a County Antrim Irishman. He is a little younger than the Sovereign, whom he hopes to welcome to Belfast this year, and his first official connection with the town over which he now rules began thirty years ago, when he entered the Belfast Corporation as Councillor. Sir Daniel has been both Mayor and Lord Mayor ere this, and the fact that he is again to fill the office during Coronation Year is the greatest possible proof of the esteem and affection in which he is held.

Lord Rosebery at the Middle Temple.

The scene in the spacious Elizabethan Hall of the Middle Temple on the occasion of Grand Day this term was a most memorable one. The Earl of Rosebery had accepted an invitation from the Treasurer and Masters of the Bench to dine with them on that occasion. Members and students, therefore, were most anxious to accord his Lordship a fitting welcome for honouring their Inn of Court by his presence. The Hall had been decorated for the occasion with ferns and foliage, and, under the new system of lighting which has been introduced, its noble proportions showed to the most favourable advantage. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. A procession was formed in the Parliament Chamber, and, with the sound of the three mystic knocks of the Knights of old, Lord Rosebery entered the Hall in company with Master Graham, the Treasurer. He was followed by a number of Masters of the Bench and other guests, including Lord Robertson, Lord Lindley, Mr. Justice Bigham, Lord Coleridge, the Attorney-General (Sir Robert Finlay), the Bishop of Winchester, Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, Mr. Justice Jelf, Sir William Broadbent, Sir Edward Bradford, Admiral Sir E. Seymour, Admiral Sir W. Graham, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Major-General Mackinnon (of "C.I.V." fame), and Canon Teignmouth Shore. The sad and handsome face of King Charles looked down from the beautiful portrait by Vandyck on the gay scene and seemed intensified in its sadness. Lord Rosebery was wearing the star and ribbon of the Garter, and was looking exceedingly well. On retiring from the Hall with the Benchers, his Lordship was saluted with a most hearty demonstration of the good feeling and cordiality felt by the members of the Inn for the ex-Premier. This he acknowledged by repeatedly bowing.

H.M.S. "Condor."

The news of the discovery of one of the *Condor's* boats on the shore at Ahousett served to confirm the worst fears with regard to the missing vessel. The boat was undamaged with the exception of one small hole in the side. A watch-chain and a chronometer have also been washed ashore near the same spot. The watch is said to be numbered 55,833, has a Maltese Cross with a green stone on the back, and is of English make. The *Condor* is a new ship, a sloop of 980 tons, and was completed at Sheerness Dockyard at the end of 1898. She has a speed of 13½ knots, and her normal coal-supply is only 130 tons, but on the occasion of a cruise among the South Sea Islands she may have exceeded this amount. Small though she is in size—only 180 feet long, with a



SIR DANIEL DIXON,
RE-ELECTED LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST.
Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

beam of 33½ feet—she cost £65,185. Her armament consists of six 4-in. quick-firing guns and four three-pounders. She was commissioned for the first time by Commander Clifton Sclater and a crew of 129 officers and men at Chatham, on Nov. 1, 1900, and shortly afterwards she left for the Pacific. Commander Sclater is an officer of some distinction, having won the Beaufort Testimonial in 1881. He was specially promoted to be Lieutenant for his services in the Egyptian War, where he was a "Sub" on the *Cygnets*. He has been in the Navy twenty-eight years. The other officers of the ship are Lieutenants J. B. Mason, Hay Winthrop, and H. V. T. Proctor, Surgeon T. S. Hartley, Assistant-Paymaster W. H. Franklin, Gunner A. D. A. Burns, and Artificer-Engineer G. J. Ditton.

Society Leaders in Coronation Year.

The great ladies of every world—political, social, and cosmopolitan—will make a point of entertaining this year. Even the Countess of Warwick, who has for so many years past lived almost entirely in the country, will, it is said, once more shine as a London hostess, and she will be assisted in doing the honours of her town-house by her pretty, youthful daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville. Lady Warwick's sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, has long been perhaps the leading hostess of the great London world, though her sceptre is disputed by the Duchess of Devonshire.

A Charming Débutante.

Miss Gerard is one of the most charming Roman Catholic débutantes. She is a keen sportswoman, has ridden ever since she could walk, and as quite a small girl accompanied her mother to hounds. Lady Gerard has always been favourites at Marlborough House, and Queen Alexandra has taken the greatest interest in Miss Gerard's social début, while His Majesty has been more than once the guest of Lord and Lady Gerard at Garswood, where Miss Gerard helps her mother to do the honours. Miss Gerard and her mother are both also very devoted to yachting, and among the many interesting photographs ornamenting their sitting-room is a charming portrait of the German Emperor, presented by him to Lady Gerard during the Kiel Regatta. Yet another most valued memento of Lady Gerard's interest in things German is a signed portrait of the great Bismarck himself.



LADY GERARD

Photograph by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.

Mrs. William Yardley.

The widow of the late "Bill of the Play," Mrs. William Yardley, a writer of largely circulated love-stories—"Sweet Violets," among others—will have numberless well-wishers to her new book.

A New "British" Army.

The public mind has been so much engrossed with the War in South Africa that little attention has been paid to events in other parts of that great continent which in more peaceful times would probably have furnished columns of "copy." Thus, in British Central and East Africa a small but efficient Army is being brought into existence as a part of the permanent forces of the Empire. Colonel W. H. Manning, of the Indian Staff Corps, is to be its Commander-in-Chief and will act as Adviser to the Home Government. In addition to an Indian Contingent, six battalions are being created, to be known as the "King's African Rifles," in recognition of the services rendered by native troops. Two of these will be Central Africa Battalions, two will be identified with Uganda, one with East Africa, and the sixth with Somaliland. Colonel Manning went to British East Africa as a subaltern some nine years ago, but in that comparatively brief period has proved himself a splendid organiser and has gained the respect and affection of his dusky soldiers, not only by his brilliant leadership in Uganda and elsewhere, but by his reputation as a "just man." The story of the reception and treatment accorded to the contingents which came home with Sir James Willcocks last summer has been spread far and wide, and military service is decidedly popular with Central and East Africans, who possess not only bravery but other no less desirable soldierly qualities.

Madame Carreno. The Saturday Popular Concerts had again the advantage of Madame Carreno's beautiful playing of several solos by Chopin, and M. Cæsar Thomson made his second and last appearance at these concerts. He gave the famous "La



MADAME THERESA CARRENO, PLAYING AT THE SATURDAY "POPS."

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

Follia" sonata by Corelli, a charming violin solo nearly three centuries old. A fragment of a posthumous quartet of Mendelssohn was a welcome novelty. Another novelty was an Irish Idyll by Professor Villiers Stanford, who accompanied. Madame Carreno was heard at her best in pieces of Chopin, one of them being the famous Polonaise (Op. 53) written during Chopin's visit to Minorca. Mr. Plunket Greene was the vocalist.

Now that the "Monday Pops" are discontinued, the Bohemian String Quartet is rapidly gaining favour as interpreters of classical Chamber-music.

On Monday, at Bechstein Hall, these excellent artists played quartets of Schumann, Dvorák, and Tschaiikowsky finely, their *ensemble* being equal to anything of the kind I have heard. Mr. A. Schulz-Curtius is the Director. I predict a great success for the Bohemian String Quartet this season.

Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall, which have been the most brilliant and successful I can remember, came to an end last Saturday. The programme included Rossini's Overture, "William Tell," superbly played under Mr. Wood's direction, the famous "Peer Gynt" Suite by Grieg, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" Overture, three of Mr. Edward German's "Henry the Eighth" dances, the striking Military Overture by Tschaiikowsky, called "1812," two Hungarian dances of Brahms, a Symphonic Poem, called "Among the Mountains of Cambria," composed by Mr. W. H. Reed, a Fantasia on English melodies by F. Godfrey, and the magnificent Hungarian March from Berlioz's "Faust"—a splendid programme for the concluding night.

Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts. On Saturday afternoon, at Queen's Hall, Mr. Robert Newman's Symphony Concerts were rendered additionally interesting by the violin solos of M. Ysaye, regarded by many as the greatest living violinist of the classic school. M. Ysaye played the Concerto in D-minor of Max Bruch and two compositions of his own. A new work by R. Strauss and the "Tannhäuser" Overture were included in the excellent concert.

M. Dufriche. A very popular and useful artist at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, M. Dufriche, has been appointed Professor of Singing at the National Conservatoire, New York. Sir Augustus Harris said to me one night, when M. Dufriche appeared, almost at a moment's notice, in place of another vocalist who was indisposed, "I think Dufriche is the cleverest man in the Company. He can play almost any part without a rehearsal." In fact, he had the most exceptional training, and a more genial and modest gentleman I never met.

Amateurs and Charities. That exceedingly diverting comic opera, "A Gaiety Girl," was vivaciously performed by a Company of amateurs, organised by Mr. Arthur J. Coke and Mr. Vivian Sylvester, at a Royalty matinée last Wednesday for the benefit of "Our Dumb Friends' League." In aid of the London Orphan Asylum, the Jackdaw Dramatic Club is to perform Pinero's humorous comedy of "The Magistrate" on Thursday night, Feb. 13, at St. George's Hall.

"Galeotto," at St. George's Hall. "Galeotto," translated from the Spanish of José Echegaray, was performed on Jan. 28 by the German Company. Don Manuel, an old man who has married a young wife, invites a young poet, Ernesto (to whose father he was much indebted), to make a third in the household. The three, however, are not destined to be happy for long, as the evil tongue of gossip soon makes havoc of their friendship. Julia and Ernesto are perfectly innocent, and Don Manuel believes in them,

but Ernesto sees the only thing to do is to go out into the world and fight his own battle. In the prologue, we learn that the young poet is engaged on a drama which he has termed "Galeotto"—a metaphorical name for "slander" which, as Ernesto sets out to prove in his play, brings about, through sheer pertinacity, the very circumstances it condemns. His drama is never finished, for Ernesto lives it in his own person instead; Don Manuel's mind is slowly poisoned, and he dies believing them to be faithless. The wound which causes his death is received in a duel with a slanderer of his wife. Julia, heart-broken at her husband's mistrust, has no one to turn to, and so, perforce, the unhappy couple, spurned by the world, are thrown together, even as Ernesto has foreseen. Thus the author finishes his play; but it is doubtful whether the revulsion of feeling after the death of her husband on the part of Julia (who is not even supposed for one moment to love Ernesto) would not have made her choose a life however lonely rather than thus appear to justify the evil rumours. Herr Andresen, as Don Manuel, lent great dignity to the rôle, but Max Eissfeldt (Ernesto) is seen to better advantage in lighter parts.

Sir Henry M. Stanley and Uganda.

Sir Henry's proposals for the opening ceremony of the Uganda Railway are excellent. England, Germany, and Belgium are the three countries principally interested, and so he suggests that about £3000 should be spent by the Foreign Office in giving some twenty invitations to leading newspaper-men to be present at the ceremony. As in the case of the opening of the Suez Canal, they would each write for their own newspapers, and so advertise the undertaking. But nothing succeeds like success, and the Company is sure to advertise itself. At present, there is only one small steamer on the Victoria Nyanza. Sir Henry thinks in ten years there may be fifty, and, perhaps, in twenty years a hundred. The quickest journey from Uganda to the coast used to be three months; now it can be done in two and a-half days, at a charge of less than twopence-farthing a-mile, in first-class sleeping-carriages. The telegraph has also reached the terminus on Port Florence, where they heard by wire that Lord Roberts had entered Pretoria. The natives are taking kindly to the new order of things. We are to have another surprise when the Bagdad Railway is connected with Koweit, in the Persian Gulf. India will be brought within eight days of London, overland route, instead of fourteen, as formerly.

Miss Alice Roosevelt's Début.

Miss Roosevelt, eldest daughter of the American President, has not been long in making her début under her father's auspices. Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt are both to be present at the President's banquet to Prince Henry of Prussia, at present on tour in America, although it had been previously decided that no ladies were to be invited. All the young Roosevelts are lively and attractive, but the attention of Society is likely to be directed towards Miss Roosevelt for some time to come. She is charming and brilliant, and, although only eighteen this February, is womanly and kindly. Her mother died while she was an infant, but the present Mrs. Roosevelt took her place, and, with the help of a governess, provided her education at home for the most part. She has strong artistic leanings and hopes to do something great in painting.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, the author of "Ulysses," has arranged with and has exclusively authorised Mr. Chance Newton to write a "Ulysses" travesty. Mr. Newton has already set about his task. I shall not be surprised to find him describing it as "A Beerbohmistic Tree-avestie."



THE KAISER'S NEW RACING-YACHT, NOW BEING BUILT AT NEW YORK: DECK-VIEW OF THE VESSEL (TO BE CHRISTENED BY MISS ROOSEVELT).

Photograph by Bolak.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Danger of Over-Humour.

The Palais-Royal has rarely (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) had a better-intentioned audience than for "Sublime Ernest." It laughed heartily at the first Act, which was clearly defined and full of humour, but then the microbe that has eaten out the heart of so

of Editor. I do not think that the latter cares very much. Resembling in his sturdy figure Sir Redvers Buller, he is quite content to get back to the country and to quieter arts than journalism.

Newspapers on Strike.

At last the proprietors of the Paris newspapers have decided to boycott the kiosques. The situation amounts to this. The waiters are compelled by the *gérants* to furnish out of their own pockets a complete service of the daily and weekly illustrated Press. To economise, they simply rent the journals and return them, thereby defrauding the proprietors of newspapers. Bad enough as this is, it is carried to a worse pitch by collecting all the London papers that travellers bring in after their cross-Channel voyage and selling them to unscrupulous kiosk-holders, who return them as "unsold" copies. The kiosques round the Grand Hôtel have been the first to see themselves refused their service, but I am glad to say that dear old Madame Duperron is not inculpated.

The Eternal Red Tape.

In dying, d'Ennery, the immortal author of "Les Deux Orphelines," bequeathed to Paris his hôtel in the Bois de Boulogne and a magnificent collection of Oriental curiosities. The gift represented £50,000. That is three years ago, and the Government has never taken the trouble to seriously consider the gift. I know that his nephew, M. Pierre Decourcelle, feels keenly on the subject, and, as there has been enough litigation over the d'Ennery succession to bring up a rising battalion of barristers upon, it is possible that more may follow. I believe that England would be the poorer for the Sir Richard Wallace Collection if it had not been for French bungling.

The King in France.

I was at the Automobile Club in La Place de la Concorde the other morning, and I hope I am not indiscreet with this little item. That very exclusive Club regard the King in the light of the Sovereign of the "Teuf-teuf," and what more probable than that a vast excursion overland to the Littoral will be organised, finishing with a brilliant night fête? Those who saw what the Club can do when it means to at the Paris Exhibition will readily appreciate the pleasure such a courtesy would give to the King and Queen. It is said that the King will devote most of his time to yachting.

Our Point of View. Should the report be correct that Lord Rendel has placed his famous villa at Cannes, the Château Thorenc, at the disposal of the King next spring, His Majesty could scarcely desire a more charming residence. Its architecture is imposing, and the position and the surrounding gardens are magnificent; its masonry, though by no means of recent erection, is as bright and as clean as though it were freshly tooled. The Château Thorenc, of course, will be associated with Mr. Gladstone, who frequently accepted the hospitality of his old friend, Lord Rendel. There are few more charming spots overlooking the Mediterranean. This photo of the Château Thorenc is by Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., who is a well-known visitor to the South of France.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS
AS THE FLOWER-GIRL AND THE CROSSING-SWEEPER IN "BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND,"
AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

many Palais-Royal pieces was introduced. Without rhyme or reason, scenes of boisterous mechanical fun and pointless equivocal incidents were introduced. The story is that of a philosophical gentleman who can see an excuse for everything. He finds an explanation for murder, for burglary, for arson, and he points out to a friend and disciple that, though the latter's wife has a roving eye, even that is pardonable. But when he finds that it is his own wife who is the culprit, he immediately extinguishes his philosophical candle and becomes the most ferocious of men. There were great possibilities in the idea, but the development was faulty.

The Guinea-Pig. It is unfortunate that there is nothing original in "Stella," at the Renaissance. M. Jules Case has adapted his novel, "L'Amour Artificiel," but without the wonderful knowledge of life, of Maurice Dounay. The characters are unreal and too melodramatic for a psychological study. The central figure is a man who has the reputation of being a multi-millionaire and who has rallied round him a band of famous names. They see that he is on the verge of ruin, and save themselves. He sees the prison-doors closing on him if he cannot induce his daughter to marry a senile driveller. The girl refuses, and the father, who never excites the slightest interest, has apparently to cross the Belgian frontier. Madame Mégard was very sympathetic in the difficult rôle of the millionaire's daughter.

Anatole France. In succession we have seen two of the great literary heroes in the cause of Dreyfus reappear. Zola, with "La Terre" at Antoine's, has failed; and Anatole France at the Odéon, with "Les Noces Corinthiennes," has given a play that will for all time figure in an ultra-classical répertoire, but never appeal to the general public. I was sorry to see that that wonderfully brilliant young artiste, Mdlle. Pietrat, has developed a tendency to imitate the mannerisms of Sarah Bernhardt. She was so exquisite in her original creations that she might well have waited the day when others would have imitated her.

"Le Figaro." I regret to see that the victory of Prestat and the return to power on *Le Figaro* of Gaston Calmette as Director has not led to a more dignified tone in regard to England. Henri des Houx, with whom I lunched the other day, was distinctly a friendly critic, and I am sorry that he loses the place



CHÂTEAU THORENC (LORD RENDEL'S VILLA AT CANNES), WHERE
THE KING, IT IS REPORTED, WILL STAY IN THE SPRING.



I AM VACCINATED—AND "IT TAKES."

THANKS, in a great measure, to the insistent persuasiveness of my female relatives, but still more, my dear Dollie, as a direct consequence of your implied wish, I have been vaccinated. Of all the fiendishly conceived unpleasantnesses to which a man can deliberately offer himself as a victim, I suppose vaccination is the worst. Mind you, I know something of self-sacrifice. I have assisted at Sunday-school treats; I have helped to decorate churches at Christmas-time; I have filled the rôle of hare in a cycling paper-chase; I have sung comic songs at afternoon tea-parties; I have kissed babies; I have listened to, and even encouraged, conversations on politics; I have written impromptu verses in schoolgirls' albums; I have been to dances and danced every dance; I have waxed enthusiastic over snapshot photographs taken by amateurs; I have sat out innumerable grand evening concerts. In spite of my training, however, I don't think anyone in the world will ever persuade me to be vaccinated again.

When I had finally made up my mind to get the thing done, I dropped a line to my doctor and asked him to give me an appointment at his earliest convenience. I wasn't in a hurry really, but I just put that last bit in to round off the sentence. My doctor, being a man of a more literal than literary turn of mind, took me at my word, and turned up the next morning before I was awake. I need hardly say that I was annoyed—I am always annoyed until about an hour after breakfast. Swallowing my displeasure, however, I scrambled out of bed and bared my arm for the lancet.

I will not worry you with an exact description of the operation; it is sufficient to note that, when I recovered consciousness, I was lying on my back, on the hard floor, with the chill morning breeze playfully whistling through my pyjamas. The doctor, wise man, had disappeared.

I dressed without enthusiasm, swallowed a cup of coffee, and started out upon the business of the day. The first acquaintance I met said—

"You look pale, old man."

I said: "That's not surprising. I was vaccinated this morning."

He said: "Pooh! My wife has been vaccinated four times."

"Why," I said, "don't you kill the poor woman outright instead of keeping her in suspense?"

He said: "Don't be an ass! It hasn't taken yet. Very likely you'll have to be done again."

This sort of thing went on throughout that day and the next. Here, cackling loons told me of friends of theirs who had been laid up for three months; there, babbling fools advised me that I was just

the sort of subject to die from the effects. I listened to them all with an uneasy smile, refused both food and drink, and gradually developed a settled melancholy combined with a feeling of dull despair.

On the third day, my arm began to trouble me, and I wrote some very caustic verses, entitled: "The Fee-Fiend." These I sent to my doctor, together with a demand for a bale of boric lint. Then I went round to the Club and had a violent quarrel with one of the nicest, sweetest-tempered men I know. I forget what the nominal cause of the dispute was, but I remember that, during the latter part of the incident, I found myself toying, rather malevolently, with the handle of a fruit-knife.

That night, I lay awake for three hours with my brain full of great thoughts. I began by thinking of the size of the world and what a lot of people there were in it. Then I reflected upon my past life and

all the unpleasant people I had met and the sadnesses I had experienced. After this, I fell to wondering what the future would bring forth, and decided that, out of the many possible lives that a man might lead, not one of them was worth living. Following up this train of thought, it occurred to me that I would write a thoroughly pessimistic novel, showing how a young man started out in life with every prospect of happiness and success, and eventually discovered that nothing under the sun was worth doing and that the element called love existed only in novels by amateurs published on commission. I was thinking out the most dreary form of suicide for the poor fellow when I fell asleep.

The fourth day was rather like the third, only longer. I wrote an angry letter to my doctor, insisting that he should come and see my arm at once. Then I dragged myself round to the Club, where I met three men who thought it highly humorous to tell me that I should be much worse before I was better, and a fourth oaf who refused to apologise for gripping hold of my arm because I had not put a piece of pink ribbon round it. As I pointed out to him, my taste in dress may not be exquisitely modern, but, at least, I have sufficient sense of decency to save me from decking myself out like a prize animal at a horse-show. The oaf laughed; I hated him.

On the morning of the fifth day, the doctor-man called to see me. My arm was then almost unrecognisable, but he said it was "quite healthy" and advised me to bind it up and go on as before. He then left me, and I spent a painful hour-and-a-quarter in endeavouring to bandage my arm myself. If you have ever tried, my dear Dollie, to tie a knot in a handkerchief with one hand and your teeth, you will understand how it was that I had to repeat my stock of expletives seven times before the job was completed. Finally, however, I got the thing fixed, only to feel it slip down as I was struggling into my overcoat.

I had now arrived, as the purveyors of melodramatic serials say, at a state of desperation bordering on madness, but, just as the silken threads of my patience were strained to the snapping-point, my arm began to mend. My spirits rose at once; I tripped along the Embankment as lightly as a ballet-dancer crosses the stage. I held my head high; I had been vaccinated. The small-pox statistics in the papers had an intense interest for me. I read and revelled in all the leading articles that insisted on the necessity for wholesale vaccination. I buttonholed my friends who had not been done, and pointed out to them how shameful it was that they should continue in a course that was not only dangerous to themselves—that didn't matter a bit!—but to the whole community at large. I no longer skirted gingerly around my unwashed brethren in the Strand; rather, I strutted valiantly past them and defied them to disseminate their worst.

I need add no more, Dollie dear, except a line to thank you for your implied wish. There is no doubt that the unvaccinated child or adult—especially the adult, ha! ha!—is a foe to society. They'll all have to be done sooner or later, and we shall sit by and guffaw. But it's horrid when it's taking, isn't it?



A PAINFUL HOUR-AND-A-QUARTER.



I WAS LYING ON MY BACK.



TOYING WITH THE HANDLE OF A FRUIT-KNIFE.

Chicot



MISS ERROLL STANHOPE, CAPTIVATING "PRINCIPAL BOY" IN "RED RIDING HOOD,"

THE DELIGHTFUL PANTOMIME AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

ROYAL LAUNCH AT DEVONPORT.

THE BATTLESHIP "QUEEN," TO BE CHRISTENED
AND LAUNCHED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

IT is many years since Devonport was paid a Royal visit, and the naval port has waxed very enthusiastic already over the promised presence of the King and Queen on the 7th of March, when Her Majesty will christen and launch the fifth of the modern type of battleship with which the Western port has been entrusted since 1897.



MR. H. R. CHAMPNESS,
CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR, H.M. DOCKYARD, DEVONPORT.

Photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

After laying the foundation-stone of the new Britannia Cadet College at Dartmouth, their Majesties will journey to Devonport, where, according to present arrangements, they will be accorded a loyal welcome from the Service and Civic authorities. The Royal Yacht will be moored alongside the Dockyard, and in close attendance will be the *Enchantress* with the Lords of the Admiralty aboard.

The battleship *Queen* will have been four days short of a year building when launched on March 7. Her first keel-plate was placed in position last March by Lady Charles Scott, Lady Ernestine Edgumbe, Mrs. Sturges Jackson, and Mrs. H. R. Champness, and during

the past month or so nearly a thousand dockyardsmen have been actually working on the ship, which, in point of industry, has had the appearance of a gigantic beehive. The photograph of the *Queen* was taken quite recently, when about six thousand tons of material had been built into her. When completed for sea, however, her displacement will be fifteen thousand tons, and she will be one of the best-protected battleships in the Navy. The *Queen* will, in most respects, resemble the *Bulwark*, but will be superior in armour, having a steel belt nine inches thick and fifteen feet wide, commencing thirty feet from the bow and extending two hundred and twenty feet. Her engines will be capable of developing nineteen knots at 20,000 horse-power. Her dimensions are: Length, 400 ft.; breadth, 75 ft.; mean-load draught, 26 ft. 9 in. Electric power will be an important factor on the *Queen*, which will carry, not including machine-guns and torpedoes, four 12-in. guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and thirty smaller quick-firing guns. When ready for sea, she will have cost considerably over a million of money.

Vice-Admiral Sturges Jackson (Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard) and Mr. H. R. Champness, Chief Constructor, a portrait of whom I give, are making elaborate preparations for the christening ceremony. As has been the custom of late, Colonial wine will be used in naming the ship. Hidden in a wreath of flowers, the bottle is suspended over the bow and broken at the moment she is christened.

THE LATE FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

The second son of Edward FitzGerald's friend, Robert Hindes Groome, Archdeacon of Suffolk, was a keen and scholarly critic in the *Athenæum* and elsewhere, and, as a result of some Bohemian wanderings amongst the Gipsies, published an entertaining book, "In Gipsy Tents." Almost the last bit of literary work he did, beyond assisting Dr. Patrick in the editorship of the new edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," was a Preface to a new edition of Borrow's "Lavengro." The articles "Gipsies" in the "Britannica" and "Chambers's Encyclopædia" were from his pen, while he edited the "Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland." For an Englishman, he had an unusually wide and accurate knowledge of Scottish history and topography. Born at Monk Soham Rectory, Framlingham, in 1851, he died in London on Jan. 24, and his remains rest at his birthplace.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE.

LADY ELLESMERE, who recently underwent a serious operation, is progressing well, and will soon, it is hoped, be back to fill a place which is peculiarly her own. Born of a great house, she has, by her marriage, become the châtelaine of one of the few notable London palaces, and has used her social influence with discrimination and kindness, this in spite of domestic responsibilities which would be enough, and more than enough, for the average woman. She is the mother of five sons and six daughters. Of the latter, one, Lady Beatrice, married Mr. George Kemp, M.P., a Lancashire man of a family noted for its sincere if somewhat austere piety. Mr. Kemp is a promising politician and has shown enterprise and valour in South Africa during the present War. Lady Ellesmere is a daughter of the late and second Marquis of Normanby, whose family owed its rise to the Irish Lord Chancellorship and the marriage of his Lordship's son to the natural granddaughter of James II. But perhaps the most popular if not the most permanent achievement of the Phipps family was the invention of the diving-bell, first thought of by Sir William Phipps.

THE ELLESMERE HERITAGE.

The vast estates of the Ellesmere Egertons were once the property of the Dukes of Bridgewater—an appropriate name for the man who was the founder of inland navigation throughout the Shires of England. Crossed in love, he never married; and the great canal system which bears his name was first suggested through seeing his gardeners carrying water where he, by a little ingenuity, was able to have it conveyed by its own current. The Bridgewater Canals, for whose building he nearly impoverished a dukedom, now render a princely revenue to his fortunate heirs. Lord Ellesmere's proper patronymic is Leveson-Gower, as his grandfather was a son of the first Duke of Sutherland by Lady Louisa Egerton, sister to the said aquatic Duke of Bridgewater. His Grace was hardly second to Sir Wilfrid Lawson in his belief in the efficacy of water.

MISS VAN WART.

Miss Van Wart has left 32, Curzon Street, for Brighton, where she has taken a house for six weeks. For the autumn, she had the tenancy of Woodend, Sir Henry de Bathe's place in Sussex, an old English homestead which is an ideal resting-place after the social whirl of a London Season. Much taller than the average, handsome, and with a manner distinctive and distinguished, Miss Van Wart has won her influential social position less by her wealth than by her sympathy. Her fellow human beings interest her, and whether they are the forlorn people of the West-End, weary from want of energy, or East-Enders, apathetic through overwork, she finds time to cultivate a taste which is at once social and philanthropic. Of late, she has given two concerts at Curzon Street, half-a-dozen dinners, and not a few theatre-parties where her hospitality culminated at the Carlton. A scheme for brightening the life of the London shop-girl has been meanwhile steadily pursued, and it is probable that we shall hear more of this gentlewoman and her offer of four hundred up-to-date books as the nucleus of a new Library for the relaxation and rest of the worker.



H.M.S. "QUEEN": TAKEN DURING A RECENT DINNER-HOUR AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD. NEARLY A THOUSAND MEN ARE ENGAGED IN PREPARING THE SHIP FOR HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TO LAUNCH AND CHRISTEN ON MARCH 7. THE SHIP NOW WEIGHS ABOUT SIX THOUSAND TONS.

Photograph by G. T. Bayley, Plymouth.

THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL NASH.

The news of the death of Surgeon-General William Nash, M.D., from pneumonia, was received with deep regret by his many friends and those who had been connected with him in his long and honourable career as an Army surgeon. Born on Nov. 20, 1839, he joined the

and got the medal and star. He saw no further war-service, but was back in Egypt in the 'nineties as Principal Medical Officer. Later on, he was appointed Head of the Medical Staff at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, the Headquarters and Dépôt of his department, a sufficiently onerous and responsible post seeing that this magnificent institution on Southampton Water accommodates some one thousand



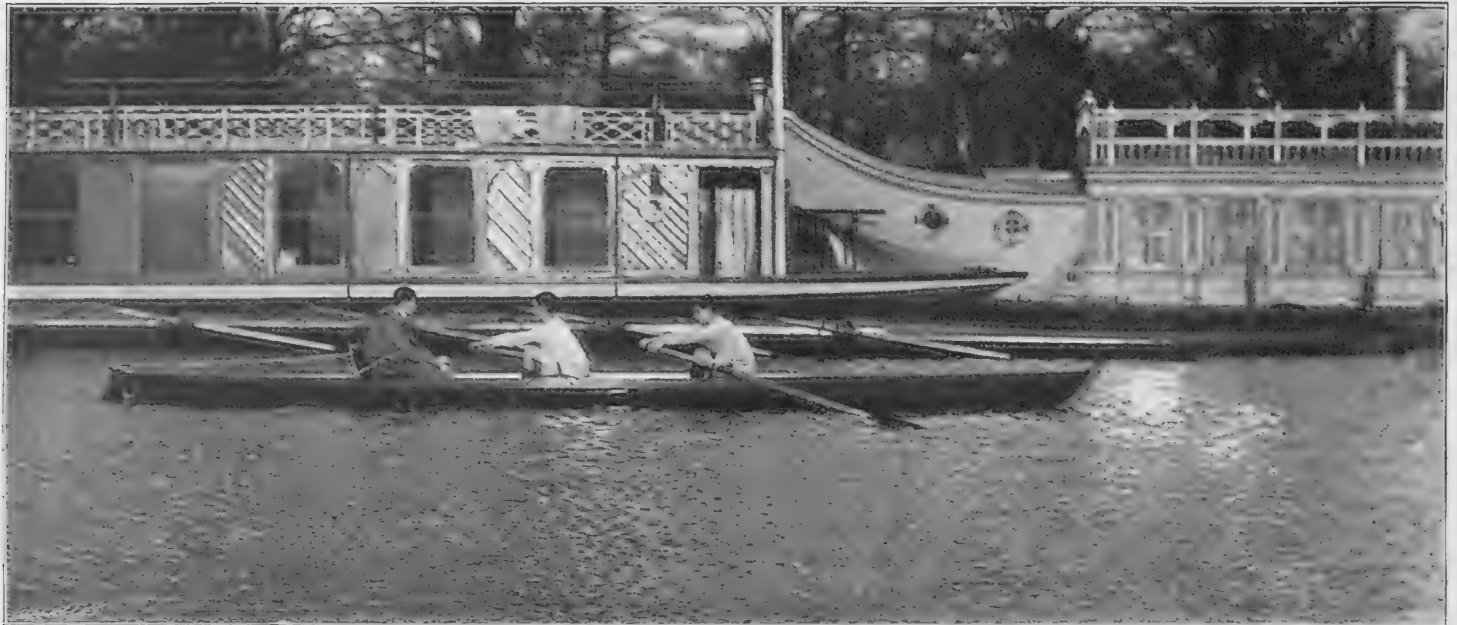
THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL NASH, ONE-TIME MEDICAL HEAD OF NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Photograph by Gregory and Co., Strand.

Army Medical Department as Assistant-Surgeon at the age of twenty-three, and went through all the grades till he retired as Surgeon-General after thirty-eight years' service. During his active career he was with the Seaforth Highlanders in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, for his services being mentioned and receiving the medal. In the Egyptian Expedition under Lord Wolseley in 1882 he again did good work,

patients, besides the large Medical and Nursing Staff. During his occupancy of this position occurred one of the memorable visits of Her late Majesty to the institution whose foundation-stone she herself had laid more than forty years before. Surgeon-General Nash left Netley two years ago, on account of age disqualification, having during his stay done much to promote the welfare of Staff and patients alike.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN TRAINING.



THE OXFORD PRESIDENT COACHING MR. WILLIS AND MR. WHALEY ON THE ISIS.



THE OXFORD CREW ON THE ISIS: THE EIGHT GOING OUT.



TRAINING THE CAMBRIDGE CREW: MR. R. H. NELSON (STROKE) AND MR. W. H. CHAPMAN (BOW) BEING COACHED.

Photographs by F. Baker. (See Small Talk.)

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE CHARITY BENEFIT
AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LIMERICK,
WHO PLAYED MRS. BENDYSHE IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY."
Photograph by Porter, Ventnor;



LADY EDITH KING-TENISON,
WHO PLAYED BESS IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY."
Photograph by Madame Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE HON. MRS. G. HILL-TREVOR,
WHO PLAYED MAYSIE IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY."
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



LADY CLARKE JERVOISE,
WHO PLAYED NINETTE SERVIN IN HER OWN PLAY, "L'OEILLET DE NINETTE."
Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")



MISS LILIAN ELDÉE AS BEWITCHING MARJORY
IN "THE COUNTRY GIRL," THE SUCCESSFUL NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS NAPOLEON AND MRS. LANGTRY AS THE HEROINE
IN "MADEMOISELLE MARS," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

RESIGNATION OF THE MASTER, MR. WROUGHTON.

COMPARISONS being by common consent invidious, it were perhaps unwise to say that the most fashionable pack in England is losing the services of its Master. But the Pytchley has certainly a cachet which attaches to but few of the numerous packs of hounds in the country—and deservedly so.

Not only have the Pytchley Hounds been established for over a hundred and fifty years, but they have enjoyed the prestige of hunting



MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS AT OXENDON: C. ISAACS, THE HUNTSMAN, ON THE LEFT.

Photograph by Miss Kate Fox.

over some of the finest fox-hunting country in the world, and their records of sport are almost unsurpassed. They have always collected in their kennels the finest foxhound blood which could be selected. The greatest possible attention has been devoted to the breeding, and the present kennels are as perfect as the genius of man can devise. The result of all this, coupled with the fact that their numerous supporters include some of the richest men who hunt, is that the Pytchley Hounds are, without exception, the finest in the world.

To preside over such a pack as this requires a man of no ordinary calibre, a fact which has been recognised for very many years; and thus it is that we find on the list of former Masters such historic names as "Squire" Osbaldeston, George Payne, Lord Sondes, Lord Althorp, Lord Chesterfield, "Tom" Smith, Mr. Masters, and Lord Hoptoun, followed later by Lord Spencer.

It will be with a feeling of much regret that hunting-men hear of the resignation of Mr. Wroughton, and especially because this is brought about by ill-health. As before stated, it takes a man to rule the Pytchley—a man, too, of some personal weight and authority, seeing the enormous crowds of horsemen and horsewomen with whom he has to deal. Mr. Wroughton has for eight seasons wielded the rod of office. He is not one of your loud-voiced, swearing, and blustering Masters who seek to terrorise their "field" into order, but he has succeeded in his own particular, quiet, and gentle manner in not merely ruling his "field," but also in showing them the best of sport. Better health and long life attend him!

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus") has just finished a new novel, "Gabriel Tolliver," upon which he has been engaged for several years. In a recent letter, Mr. Harris says of his new work: "The book is not precisely autobiographical, but it is something more than reminiscent, for I have put myself into it in the most unreserved way. When I decided to quit newspaper work, I turned to this work, and, when I began it, I determined to write it in my own way, without regard to models, standards, or formalism of any kind. I determined to write something to please myself. The result is what you have. It is mine; it is *me*. I do not say this on account of any pride I have in the work; it is, perhaps, faulty, but even the faults are mine. I

mean by this that I surrendered myself wholly to the story and its characters, and the idea of art simply never occurred to me until the thing was complete."

Messrs. Appleton and Co. announce another edition of five thousand copies of "David Harum." This is the eighty-sixth time that the book has been reprinted, and it makes 532,000 copies placed on the American market.

A large and important History of the Mormons is to be published this spring in America. The author is Mr. William A. Linn, for many years Managing Editor of the *New York Evening Post*. The history of the Mormons will be given from the time of the announcement of the New Bible by Joseph Smith junior to the present day, and the author claims that his is the first thoroughly authentic and unprejudiced work on the subject.

Messrs. Constable will publish shortly the second volume of Merejkowski's trilogy, "Christ and Antichrist," the first volume of which, "The Death of the Gods," translated by Mr. Herbert Trench, was issued last autumn. "The Resurrection of the Gods," which is the title of the second part of the work, deals with the life of Leonardo da Vinci.

Literary France is awaiting with the greatest interest the publication of the George Sand correspondence. It is said that Messrs. Hachette have offered a million francs for the De Musset Correspondence, but that this cannot possibly be issued for another two or three years.

As soon as he has completed his History of Queen Anne, Mr. Justin McCarthy contemplates writing a book on Ireland as he knew it in his youth.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has completed a story of love and diplomatic intrigue which he has entitled "The Vultures."

Mr. A. W. Marchmont has written a new novel, "Serita, the Carlist," which will be published at an early date by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Marchmont has treated the subject of the Carlist Rebellion, which

enters so largely into the plot of Mr. Seton Merriman's very popular novel, "The Velvet Glove."

Messrs. Constable had arranged to publish Miss Mary Johnston's new novel, "Audrey," in January; but, owing to the exceptionally large orders received in advance, the publication has been postponed to the middle of February. The volume will contain six coloured illustrations.

Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") and her sister, Miss Kingsley, are spending the winter in Paris. "Lucas Malet" is already at work on a new novel.

Messrs. George Bell and Son are adding to their very successful series, "The Miniature Lives of the Painters," works on Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Leighton.

The Hon. William Napier Bruce is engaged upon editing a work that is likely to be received with great interest. It is an autobiography of Sir A. Henry Layard, and deals with Sir Henry's life from his childhood until his appointment as our Ambassador at Madrid. There will be some additional chapters on his Parliamentary career by the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Ottaway, Bart. The work will be in two illustrated volumes and will be published by Mr. John Murray.—o. o.



"DRAWN BLANK": THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS LEAVING WATERLOO COVERT, AFTER DRAWING IT BLANK. MR. WROUGHTON IS WEARING A TALL-HAT.

Photograph by Miss Kate Fox.

SOCIETY LEADERS OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Photograph by Layayette, Bond Street, W.

SOCIETY LEADERS OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



LADY A. GROSVENOR.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

SOCIETY LEADERS OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



THE COUNTESS OF HALSBURY, WIFE OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

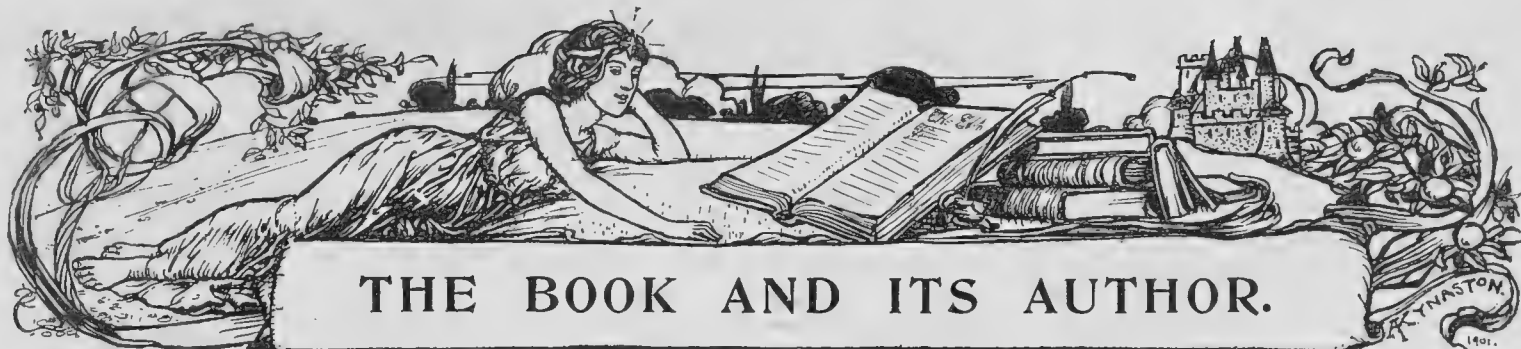
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

SOCIETY LEADERS OF THE CORONATION YEAR.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



"THEN AND NOW."*

UNDER this appropriate title, the popular author of, "A Book About Roses" has given us a delightful volume, replete with wit and truths. He deals with a variety of interesting subjects, commencing with babies, to wind up with horticulture. Perhaps no one is better qualified to tell us how the world wagged sixty years and more ago, in comparison with how it jogs along now—

a lays, than the Dean of Rochester, for, as he remarks in his preface, he has "lived a long life as a Squire and a parson, a Churchman and a sportsman, in country and city, with high and low."

Dean Hole is over fourscore years, but he is hale and hearty, and writes as firm a hand now as he did at twenty. He has a keen sense of humour, and his new book is full of good things. But everybody will not agree with all he says, and the more the pity, for he is as just as he is outspoken.

His remarks on the question of drink have already raised a small hornets' nest about his ears, and yet on this subject, as on others, they are only reasonable. He is as adverse to over-indulgence as to total

abstention. But, because a man takes strong drink—a little wine for his frequent infirmities, as the Apostle dictated—that is no reason why he should act like a hog; and, in this connection, the Dean relates an anecdote—

"John," said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, "I'm pleased to see you've got a nice young pig. I know that you have been wanting for a long time to buy one—how did you manage it at last?" "Well, sir," John replied, "I gave up making a pig of myself!"

The Dean is no admirer of the teetotaler. He thinks, and thinks correctly, that a man should be able to control himself of his own free-will without it being necessary to submit to the degradation of signing a card or wearing a bit of blue ribbon. Possibly his latest comment on the matter is contained in a letter to myself which lies before me—

"The teetotalers keep pumping water," writes the Dean, "cold and muddy; but they are a long way from that part of the well in which truth is said to reside."

Dean Hole finds babies much the same now as they were in days gone by, but he notes, pointedly, that among the upper and middle classes the natural process of rearing them has been discarded, and relegated "to other mothers and the cow." The squadrons of mail-carts and "prams" that encumber the pavements in our suburbs he aptly likens to infantile mounted infantry, and he observes that the heart's desire among latter-day Mammies seems to be: "May we never want a babe or a bottle to give him."

The Dean is enthusiastic anent the cycle, "which promotes social intercourse, garden-parties, holiday tours." It also has a claim to utility—

A babe is born in a lonely home, two miles from the vicarage. A messenger comes to say that they know not whether it will live or die, and in a few minutes the Vicar has arrived on his cycle, and stands surprised and with his miniature font of alabaster to baptise the child.

And again—

The doctor has come home with a tired horse—the only one he can afford to keep—

but he mounts his bicycle as soon as he hears that Mrs. Jones is anxious to enrich creation, and his weary steed has rest.

The Dean is not so friendly to that new arrival, the motor-car, and he wittily remarks that—

A prevision of motor-cars rushing and crawling, as thick and as black as beetles on a kitchen-floor, all over the land, is one of the minor considerations that make it easier to contemplate my departure to another world.

Dean Hole is a sportsman, and of this he is sure, that, whatever forms of locomotion there may be in the future, on land or water, or in the firmament of heaven, there will be none so enjoyable as when a man who can ride is mounted on a well-bred, well-made, high-mettled, good-tempered horse. Every man who knows what a horse is will certainly be of his mind.

The volume is replete with pleasurable anecdotes, a few old and many new. One of the most venerable, as the Dean points out, but still one of the most tickling, as it is one of the most cruel, is that about a jury at an Irish Assize, most of whom, when told by the usher to go to their usual places, forthwith proceeded to the dock.

But the Dean is perfectly fair all round. He is at no pains to spare men of his own cloth. Some preachers, he remarks, take pleasure in grandiloquence, mysteries, metaphysics. One famous classical scholar, preaching to a small congregation of rustics in the Lake District, addressed them as follows—

In this beautiful country, my brethren, you have an apotheosis of nature and an apo-deikneusis of theopratic omnipotence.

Another parson was in the habit of offering up the following prayer for Queen Adelaide—

O Lord, save Thy servant, our sovereign lady the Queen: grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with Thy blessing that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.



DEAN HOLE (THEN).

Photograph by Allen and Son, Nottingham.



DEAN HOLE (NOW).

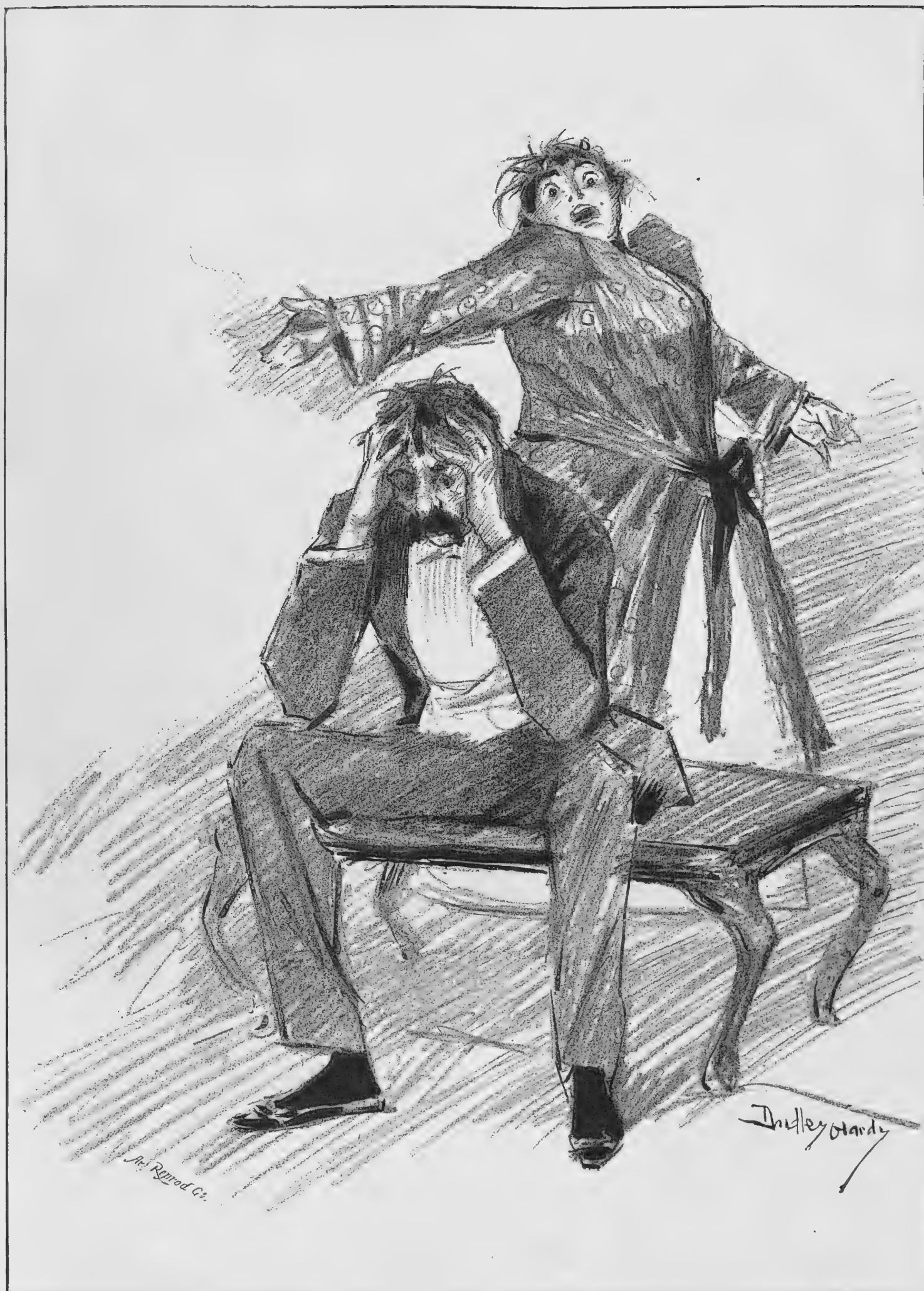
Photograph by A. H. Fry, Brighton.

* "Then and Now." By Dean Hole, Author of "A Book About Roses," &c. London: Hutchinson and Co.



HEAVY-WEIGHT: Didn't you say as that 'orse I bought off you was afraid of nothing?
 LIGHT-WEIGHT: Nothin' in reason.
 HEAVY-WEIGHT: Well, he shied at *me* this morning.
 LIGHT-WEIGHT: Ah, I expect he 'eard yer puffin' an' couldn't see no steam!

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."

A PENCIL POEM BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

DOCTOR LORIN'S PATIENT.

BY C. KENNETT BURROW.



DOCTOR LORIN had not been in bed an hour when the night-bell rang. At first, with that disinclination to realise unpleasant facts which is common to all professions, he tried to assure himself that he had been deceived. His eyes were just comfortably closing again, when a second and more urgent summons brought him out of bed and sent him scurrying to the speaking-tube.

"Well?" he said. The answer was unintelligible.

"Speak up, can't you? Do you suppose I enjoy standing here in the cold?"

"No," answered a voice.

"Don't annoy me, now don't!" shouted the doctor. "What's your business?"

"Mrs. Waring's ill—wants to see you at once."

"Mrs. Waring can't be ill. I saw her only this morning, and if ever a woman was in fine health, she was."

"You'll catch a chill if you don't hurry," said the voice.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the doctor.

"My name's Peterson."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so before? I'll be down directly."

The doctor dressed himself with great despatch, ran down to his surgery for his bag, and put on a pair of heavy boots. All the time he was wondering what could possibly be the matter with Mrs. Waring. An accident possibly; he could think of nothing else.

On the doorstep a tall figure was waiting, wrapped up in a huge ulster which exhaled the perfume of cigars.

"Well, what's wrong with the lady?" asked Lorin.

"I haven't the least idea. All I know is that I was quietly finishing a cigar, when my aunt—Mrs. Topham, you know—came tearing in and said that Celia—that's Mrs. Waring——"

"Yes, yes!" said the doctor.

"That Celia had been suddenly taken ill. She urged me to come to you at once."

"Which, of course, you did."

"Of course," said Peterson.

"It's very remarkable!" said the doctor.

"Is anything remarkable in your profession?"

"Everything is. . . . I could have sworn that Mrs. Waring was as sound as a bell."

"So could I; but, then, I'm not supposed to be an expert."

"You can chaff me as much as you like, Peterson," said the doctor. "I must say you seem pretty cool about it all."

"What's the good of worrying? I'm an optimist, Lorin."

By this time the pair had climbed half-way up the steep main-street of the little country-town which the doctor, in some respects, considered his particular property. He was, in fact, the only resident doctor in the place, and was proud of the confidence which he inspired. There were smaller neighbouring towns which supported, or, perhaps, failed to support, three doctors. Lorin was a successful man.

They paused before a large green door ornamented with an enormous brass knocker. As the doctor's hand rose, the door opened and a scared elderly face fronted them.

"I'm so glad you've come, doctor!" Mrs. Topham was in evident distress. Lorin drew her aside for a moment.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "what can have caused this sudden indisposition?"

"None at all. We had a dinner-party this evening, to which, you remember, you could not come. After the guests had gone, Celia and I were sitting alone in the drawing-room, when she was suddenly taken ill."

"Pray let me see her," said Lorin, and he moved towards the stairs.

"She's not up there!" cried Mrs. Topham; "she's in the drawing-room still."

"She should have gone to bed at once," said the doctor.

"But she wouldn't go, and you know how self-willed she can be."

It was on the doctor's tongue to make a disparaging remark about the sex in general, but he smiled instead. "Let me go to the drawing-room, then," he said.

Lorin entered the room with a curious feeling of uncertainty to which he was wholly unaccustomed. It could hardly be because he had an intense admiration for Mrs. Waring. That, he considered, should have had precisely the opposite effect.

The lady was seated on a couch, in an attitude of great despondency. One arm hung limp; the other hand lay, nerveless, in her lap. Her head was bent; a rose had fallen from her hair and lay near her feet. When the door closed, she looked up, and her eyes met the doctor's.

"This is very distressing news," he said, taking a seat beside her. "But I trust that it's nothing serious; indeed, I feel confident that it isn't."

His alert eyes kept watch upon the lady; he could discover no outward symptoms, nothing suspicious. Mrs. Waring's colour was perfectly healthy, her breathing regular, and certainly she was a beautiful woman. Of that fact the doctor was acutely conscious as he gazed at her.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm afraid I'm going to die."

"My dear Madam! Why say such a thing? Don't, for heaven's sake, get such an idea as that into your head! It isn't fair to me, professionally; you handicap me."

"It's best to speak the truth, isn't it?"

"Certainly, when you know it to be the truth. But this is mere conjecture."

Mrs. Waring shook her head.

Lorin proceeded to ask questions and make the usual examinations. He was completely nonplussed. So far as he could discover, Mrs. Waring was as healthy, even more healthy, than he had supposed her to be. So fine a constitution filled him with admiration and amazement. Yet he knew that sometimes people had most singular premonitions, and the knowledge made him nervous and perhaps indiscreet.

"To be quite candid," he said, "I can find nothing whatever the matter with you, Mrs. Waring."

She sighed. "Then I suppose I must call in Mr. Redman, from Milchester."

The Doctor gasped.

"In consultation, do you mean?"

"There would be no good in a consultation if you say I'm perfectly well, would there?"

"I was thinking of etiquette," said Lorin.

"So was I," said the lady.

"You mean, I suppose, that you think it bad form on my part to tell you that you're quite well?"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Waring, sweetly. "Of course, if you think you can't do anything, there's nothing left for me but to call in another doctor."

"I'm in your hands," said Lorin, rather stiffly. He was a little angry, as well as greatly bewildered. After a pause, he added, "I don't look upon you as a patient, Mrs. Waring; I regard you as a friend."

"Then why didn't you come to dinner to-night?"

The question so startled the doctor that he rose and began to pace the room.

"I declined the invitation," he said, "from sheer necessity. I've been overworked. I was tired to death."

"I always thought there was room here for a second doctor."

Mrs. Waring spoke meditatively and, as it were, to herself. Lorin paused and regarded her with an expression which was compounded of pain and incredulity.

"I regret that I cannot agree with you," he said. And then, as though he had not before observed it, he picked up the rose which had fallen from the lovely widow's hair. He stood facing her and looked down upon her with his most searching professional gaze. Coming a little nearer, still with the same close scrutiny, he said, "Turn your face towards the light, please."

She obeyed.

"Ah!" he said.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Don't be alarmed; I beg you not to be alarmed! It's extraordinary how one may sometimes be deceived. I suppose I was a little overtired—too dull to observe carefully."

"To observe what?" she asked, rather breathlessly.

"Merely a little indication of something which I had overlooked. You would be none the wiser if I told you the technical name?"

"Is it dangerous?"

"Not dangerous, I think—I hope, not dangerous. . . . And now, Mrs. Waring, I would recommend you to go to bed. It is nearly three o'clock. Get up in the morning as usual. I will call at about eleven."



STOUT BUT SOULFUL.

STOUT PARTY : And there 'll be music in 'Eaven, won't there, Mum ?

DISTRICT VISITOR : Yes, we are told so.

STOUT PARTY : Oh, I do 'ope they 'll know "The 'Oneysuckle and the Bee" !

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

When Mrs. Waring rose to say good-bye, the doctor observed that her colour had faded somewhat.

In the hall he met Mrs. Topham, whom he reassured with a few commonplaces. Just as he was going out, Mr. Peterson emerged from a room thick with tobacco-smoke.

"I suppose all this pother about my cousin doesn't amount to much?" he asked.

"Not much, I hope; but still—," and the doctor gazed at the ceiling.

"I hoped it was no more than some silly woman's fancy," said Peterson. "Don't look so tragic, Lorin! She'll get over it, won't she?"

"I trust so," said the doctor; "I trust so. But one never knows. Even I was deceived at first," and, with that enigmatic saying, he stepped into the street. He had no further calls that night, but, before retiring for the second time, he put the rose carefully in water. "Do I do that," he asked himself, "from professional or sentimental motives?" The answers which came to him in his dreams were painfully contradictory.

The next morning, and for several mornings following, Lorin called upon Mrs. Waring. At intervals his boy carried bottles to the house, wrapped up in the neatest of white paper and carefully sealed with red wax. The town grew quite excited and the report spread that Mrs. Waring was seriously ill. The doctor, however, gave no information, and when leading questions were addressed to him he deftly put them aside. The gentleman at Milchester, who could only by courtesy be considered his rival, was not called in.

About a week after the first summons, the doctor walked up the street with an air of determination which did not pass unobserved by the people whom he met. Something evidently was in the wind. But Lorin did not heed inquiring glances, nor did he stay to say more than an abrupt word or two to those who were anxious to buttonhole him. He stopped at Mrs. Waring's door, applied himself to the brass knocker, and disappeared from the gaze of gossips for an hour.

Mrs. Waring was seated on the couch on which he had found her on that eventful evening a week before.

"Well, how are we this morning?" he asked, cheerfully.

"A little better, I think, but rather—upset."

"Upset? How upset? I gave particular instructions that you were not to be worried in any way."

"It wouldn't interest you to know, doctor."

"But it's my duty to insist upon knowing."

"It was a purely personal matter."

"Personal or not," said the doctor, "it may in some way influence my treatment of your case."

"Must you insist?"

"Insist is a hard word, Madam."

"Well, would you like to know?"

"Most certainly!" said the doctor.

"Then," said Mrs. Waring, "you shall. My cousin, Mr. Peterson, proposed to me this morning."

The doctor almost whistled.

"In the capacity of nurse?" he asked.

"He had an idea that I might like to marry him."

"And you?"

"The suggestion did not interest me," said Mrs. Waring.

"Ah!" said the doctor. "And yet the notion was not a bad one. I had something of the same sort in my own mind."

"You?"

"Yes. I was going to propose—" The doctor paused.

"What?"

"To you," he answered. "Your case is one which requires the most watchful attention. Only as a husband could I guarantee to effect a cure. In fact," continued the doctor, "as I said at first, there's nothing whatever the matter with you; your constitution is perfect."

"Then why these visits, this medicine, these alarming hints?"

"My dear lady," said the doctor, "why this simulation of illness, this dragging an unfortunate man from his bed at the dead of night? It seems to me that your explanation should come first."

Mrs. Waring laid her hands in the doctor's. She smiled.

"I felt that you had slighted me," she said.

"And I," said the doctor, "felt that your acting was so good that you should be encouraged in it—for a week. Will you remain my patient?"

The answer might have been read by intelligent observers in the doctor's radiant face as the green front-door was closed behind him.

A CHANCE FOR BACHELORS AND WIDOWERS.

I always thought that the married men in these days most deserved commiseration when municipal and national taxation takes such a slice out of one's income. Evidently the wealthy son of a Dundee manufacturer, resident near Edinburgh, does not think so, for he is setting aside some seventy thousand pounds for indigent bachelors and widowers. A building is to be erected, bearing his name, where the persons who need such assistance, over fifty-five years of age, may spend the evening of their days and live up to, and not beyond, the sum of £36 15s. a-year. This has somewhat the air of the Sir William Fraser homes for decayed authors and artists at Colinton, near Edinburgh. But the Scotch folks are so independent it is possible the trustees may have to advertise for inmates.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Carey Street Notes—How to Lend Money to Yourself—Ho! for the Life of a Bankrupt!—Failing as a Road to Success—London Over-Capitalised.

ANY comment on the latest financial *cause célèbre* is presumably contrary to the law, which in this country seems somehow to interfere with one's rational pleasures and inclinations at every turn. I could not in any case deal Wrightly with the situation, knowing little more about finance than that "money is scarce," that there is "a bearish tendency" in Germany just at present, and that "Kaffirs are nervous"—at least, they have excuse for being so while the War lasts. Yet the obvious moral of the London and Globe incident is that two Companies cannot exist simply with the object of buying each other's shares and lending each other money, any more than a man can become a prosperous financier by transferring coins from his right-hand trousers' pocket to his left at a high rate of interest, or the population of an island make a living by taking in each other's washing.

The weak point in this *haute école* of finance is that the capital of the outside public is not directly dealt with. Say you have two Companies in a precarious situation, A and B; you cannot float a third, C, for the purpose of lending money at a critical moment to B, which will come to the assistance of A with bags of sovereigns to jingle before its shareholders—unless, indeed, you deal in such stupendous amounts that the lonely widow and the country clergyman become excited and forward their savings, appealing to your sense of common humanity to allow them to share in the privileges of the philanthropic scheme briefly hinted at in the prospectus.

For the average investor is as confiding as a Secret Service official, and as innocent of the world as a Judge of the High Court of Justice himself. Any stockbroker's clerk could tell him that it is madness to take shares in anything which is not gilt-edged unless he follows its every movement; yet it is an axiom that a man takes more trouble about the fit of his coat than about his investments. He rarely attends meetings and ignores his own auditors. Like Lord Clive amid the spoils of the East, the Company-promoter before the Registrar might well declare that he wonders at his own moderation.

Few personalities are so attractive as that of the modern bankrupt before the Official Receiver. His spirited and thorough-bred way of going smash for several millions all at once commands respect. There is a genuine ring about his explanations of the intricacies of Company-promotion hitherto unknown to outsiders. He is generally popular with his creditors, and still more so with certain smart Stock Exchange operators, who suspect that he is about to "give the show away" and outdo each other in the most humane way in attending to his personal wants. A man going bankrupt is like a man on his death-bed: the truth simply wells from him. (NOTE.—Never defraud anyone likely to go bankrupt.) He knows he will have a few counties-ful of estates left from the wreck, and can settle down to a *vie de luxe*, as wittily sketched for us by Mr. Grossmith in one of his current songs.

The insolvent will soon be a "draw" on the prospectus of a new Company and a catch in the matrimonial market, and the Society column will speak of "a rich match, the bride being the heiress of the well-known bankrupt, Sir Rufus Smashe, who is expected to be included in the Coronation honours." It is surprising that none of these smart American financiers come over and make a fortune by being ruined. Really, the only drawback to the profession is the piteous begging-letters written by one's starving creditors.

Let us turn from such investigations to the sounder financial affairs of the Grand Imperial British Empire Syndicate, which has for some time been "depressed," but looks now to be entering on a "boom" neither artificial nor engineered. A year ago, a new Director-in-Chief took over the control of Messrs. John Bull and Co., Unlimited, with their leasehold premises, railways, buildings, machinery, telephone services (be the same more or less), and shipping, most of them in good working order. An enthusiastic meeting of shareholders has just passed the year's accounts with acclamation.

There is still heavy extra expenditure, but we are "winding up" a costly war, and the Directors count upon an enormous increase in business owing to the Coronation, when legitimate "window-dressing" will be done in the City and everywhere else. London will not complain of being over-capitalised or agitate against the American invasion. We have been told by Continental expert critics that our methods are obsolete and our business ideas slow, and that the Syndicate would soon be bankrupt. Yet John Bull is holding for a rise—is a "bull," in fact. Money will no longer be "scarce."—HILL ROWAN.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-six (from October 23, 1901, to January 15, 1902) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE STAGE SOCIETY,

in producing "The Marrying of Ann Leete," did service of value, even if the particular play was not of astonishing merit. Mr. Granville Barker is a very clever young man—at present perhaps too revolutionary in his ideas—who can hardly find his way without the practical experiment of performance. The old form of trial-matinée is dead, and few deplore it; yet it is important that there should be some vent for the ideas of those budding dramatists who, with the courage and enthusiasm of youth, start by defying the conventional. Some day Mr. Barker will have a triumph, and the day will be hastened by the opportunity of seeing his work on the boards. Clever, daring—perhaps, impudent—inconclusive and unsound, but not uninteresting, are the terms that may be applied to the piece. It produced some good acting, notably the admirable performances of Miss Winifred Fraser, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Mr. Saintsbury.

Without speaking in disparagement of

"MICE AND MEN" OR "PILKERTON'S PEERAGE,"

one may say that a little interchange of qualities would benefit each. There is rather too much sweetness in the one and rather too little in

into account, the majority must be carried away by the witty dialogue and the fine studies of character which enable the Company to give a delightful performance. Where all are so good, one hardly knows how to choose. Think of the quiet humour in Mr. Edmund Maurice as the hypocritical Premier, and the boyishness and craft, gaily, sharply shown by Mr. Harry Esmond when scheming for his "C.B.," and of

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER;

rich in suggestion of character as the middle-aged Secretary with a sort of conscience and a kind of a heart! Even then one has forgotten Mr. Sam Sothorn and Mr. Robertshaw, both admirable; and has overlooked Miss Eva Moore, who is delightful as a merry, amorous little widow—with a touch of Dolly in her—and

MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS,

who made quite a "hit" as Ida. Really, quite a delightful evening is to be spent at the Garrick Theatre.

"THE TYRANNY OF TEARS,"

by far the daintiest, wittiest, and truest comedy of modern times, is again to be seen at Wyndham's Theatre, where Mr. Wyndham judiciously has revived Mr. Haddon Chambers's charming play and succeeded in getting together the original cast, thus bringing before us once more Miss Maude Millett, whom we see far too



"ARIZONA," THE STIRRING NEW AMERICAN DRAMA AT THE ADELPHI.

ACT I.—SCENE IN THE COURTYARD OF CANBY'S RANCH: CAPTAIN HODGMAN (MR. JOSEPH KILGOUR), THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE, WHILST MAKING LOVE TO ESTELLA BONHAM (MISS MARY HALL), HIS COLONEL'S WIFE, IS INTERRUPTED BY LIEUTENANT DENTON (MR. VINCENT SERRANO), THE HERO OF THE PLAY.

Photograph by Byron, New York. (See Next Page.)

the other. Both certainly deserve success. Mrs. Ryley gives us the prettiest and Mr. Anthony Hope the wittiest play seen for quite a long time, and in each the acting is of a high standard. Perhaps the greatest pleasure will come from the piece in which

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

shows her true measure and delights the audience by her gaiety, her girlishness, and her command of pathos. Who could refuse admiration to Mrs. Ryley's study of the development of the foundling's heart, and of the effect of love upon the man who comes under its influence too late in life, or refuse laughter to the droll scene of the selection of the ward, and her prompt flirtation with the gallant Captain, who takes poor Peggy's heart by storm? The King and Queen paid "Mice and Men" the honour of seeing it last Thursday night. One would wish to have

MORE OF MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON,

without, however, hoping for better. A capital piece of acting is given by Mr. Ben Webster.

"Pilkerton's Peerage" is quite a brilliant light-comedy, and, though, perhaps, some playgoers will want a little more sugar in their tea than Mr. Hope offers, even when Ida's curious love-scene is taken

seldom. Mrs. Parbury is certainly one of Miss Mary Moore's best parts, and it is needless to say how her admirers delight in her performance as the foolish little woman who caused such tribulation to her husband, whose part is played quite inimitably by Mr. Charles Wyndham. One welcomes again that invaluable actor, Mr. Alfred Bishop, always certain to do full justice to his task; and Mr. Fred Kerr is back again, to use his easy, finished style in the character created by him.

MRS. LANGTRY IN "MADEMOISELLE MARS."

Naturally there has been a great deal of talk concerning "Mademoiselle Mars," which is accomplishing the almost miracle of drawing the fashionable world to the Imperial Theatre to see Mrs. Langtry's remarkable performance as the great French actress who was almost equally successful on and off the stage. One cannot help congratulating the author on his skill in writing the play so as to show every aspect of the art of the "Jersey Lily," who is quite delighting her admirers by her performance—to say nothing of her wonderful costumes. Of all the Napoleons put on our stage, Mr. Lewis Waller certainly is one of the best, and his "make-up" is exceedingly good; one hardly recognised him, and yet it is difficult to see what change he has made.

"ARIZONA" AT THE ADELPHI.

Those who, like *The Sketch*, were among the first to advocate the restoration of its original name to the fine new theatre lately called the "Century," will be glad to find that Drama, not to say Melodrama, has also been restored to that long-honoured melodramatic stronghold. The fact that the first play of the sort to be given at the beautiful new Adelphi has, like so many Metropolitan productions nowadays, been "made in America" should cause no very great chagrin among London playgoers. There are many more English-made plays to the square inch now in America than there are, or are ever likely to be, American-made plays in England.

The latest example of the so-called "American Invasion," namely, the military drama entitled "Arizona," comes to us armed with sundry good credentials. In the first place, it is the work of Mr. Augustus Thomas, one of the most gifted of America's dramatists. His only play produced in London hitherto was "Alabama," which Mr. Willard presented at the Garrick a few years ago—a play full of beautiful writing both of the humorous and pathetic kind. Secondly, "Arizona" has been continuously played "on the road" in the States for nearly three years; and thirdly and lastly, it is presented at the Adelphi by one of the best groups of players ever yet imported to these islands.

Inasmuch as "Arizona" was produced just as *The Sketch* was going to press, a mere *précis* of its plot must for the nonce suffice. It is, of course—as all melodrama, English or American or any other kind, must be—the story of a falsely accused hero. This hero is Lieutenant Denton, of the 11th United States Cavalry. He is in love with a sweet girl named Bonita, and for a time all seems well with them. At a critical moment, however, the Lieutenant discovers that his sweetheart's sister, the wife of his Colonel, is about to elope with Captain Hodgman of the same regiment—a scoundrel already proved to be a betrayer of innocent womanhood. Young Denton, breaking in upon the Captain and his intended new victim, forces the Captain, at the pistol's point, to quit, and then sets about rescuing the foolish young wife from her perilous position. Having, as he thinks, done this, he is about to go himself, but, owing to an ingeniously arranged impasse, he is discovered by the Colonel himself, who has been set on by the shunted Captain. The quixotic young Lieutenant thereupon gives up his sword and allows himself to be placed under arrest rather than implicate his sweetheart's sister. Later, this unselfish young warrior is also falsely accused of mortally shooting the villainous Captain and is court-martialled for the crime, when, just as he is about to be shot, the real shooter, a Mexican named Tony, dashes in and confesses that he did the deed by way of revenging the betrayal of his sweetheart by the Captain.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE BENEFIT PERFORMANCES.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings last week the Adelphi Theatre bore all the external announcements of "Arizona," and many playgoers passing down the Strand must have wondered to see the house lighted up until they looked at the smaller bills and saw that the performance in progress was the one organised by the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Trevor on behalf of the Widows and Orphans' Fund of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Mr. H. V. Esmond's charming piece, "One Summer's Day," was the chief attraction, and Mrs. Hill-Trevor was fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Constance Collier for the part of Chiara. With the exception of Miss Collier, the Company was composed entirely of amateurs, and it may be said in all sincerity that their work was of a quality that is seldom met outside professional ranks, and inspired a lively applause from all parts of the house at each performance. For a curtain-raiser, "L'Éillet de Ninette," a pretty little French play by Lady Clarke Jervoise, was presented, the authoress playing the part of Ninette. Among the amateurs who gave their services may be mentioned the Dowager Countess of Limerick, Ladies Edith King-Tenison, Clarke Jervoise, and May Pery, and the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Trevor.

The performances went without a hitch before large audiences, the only pause being made at the end of the second Act of "One Summer's Day," on the first night, to present a bouquet from the Company to Miss Collier, and on the second night to present one from the men of the M.F.B. to Mrs. Hill-Trevor. The financial result of the two performances should be excellent, for many of the ordinary expenses were avoided. Mr. Dundas Slater lent the Alhambra Theatre for rehearsals, and Mr. Tom B. Davis lent the Adelphi. Messrs. Truscott did the printing without charge, Clarkson gave the wigs, and programmes were sold by a bevy of fair ladies, including the Ladies Muriel North and Mary Pepys, Lady Willshire, the Hon. Leila Hill-Trevor, Miss Nina Hill, and many others. It is to be hoped that the success attending Mrs. Hill-Trevor's labours will extend to the efforts made by the Trustees of the M.F.B. Fund to clip the wings of the "bogus collectors"—the people who go about London making house-to-house calls in the name of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade and receiving a great deal of money that the genuine M.F.B. Fund never sees. The "bogus collectors" get thousands of pounds annually; the genuine Fund gets no more than a few hundreds, and owes to the enterprise of Mrs. Hill-Trevor and her friends such capacity as it has to cope with the claims made upon it. I must not forget to mention that the performances at the Adelphi were admirably stage-managed by Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who won his spurs on the cricket-field before he went on the stage; and that the music was provided by the band of the Irish Guards, by permission of Colonel Vesey Dawson.

"THE HEEL OF ACHILLES."

I am told that not only have Miss Julia Neilson and her husband, Mr. Fred Terry, arranged to start another season at the Globe to-morrow (Thursday) evening, but they have secured a twelvemonth's lease thereof from yesterday's date from the Globe's lessors, Messrs. William Greet and E. C. Englebach, who hold the leases of some four or five other London playhouses.

Inasmuch as the play's the thing, *Sketch* readers will want to know what kind of piece is "The Heel of Achilles," which Messrs. Louis Napoleon Parker and S. Boyle Lawrence have prepared for Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry to make their West-End reappearance in. You must know, then, that this play is *not*, as I have found several people thinking, a classical work connected in any way with what good old John Milton described as "The Tale of Troy Divine."

No, it is a purely modern drama—and, from what I saw of it at rehearsal, a very exciting drama, too. The prologue is laid in that not too joyous riparian neighbourhood, Bankside, where the other Globe, namely, that run by Shakspeare and Co., was situated. This is the only English scene shown in the play. The rest of the piece—four Acts in all—will be found placed in St. Petersburg.

In the aforesaid prologue you will see the leading male character, Vladimir Korowski (Mr. Fred Terry) living in seclusion as well as in Southwark. This Russian exile's shelterers and co-plotters are Adam Bartenieff, his son Ivan, and his daughter Marie (respectively allotted to Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. Loring Fernie, and Miss Edyth Olive). These refugees concert their plan of action and foreshadow something of the coming story, the prologue ending in an exciting fashion.

In the play proper, you see the Neva taking the place of the Thames, and you get a view of the Russian Capital's St. Peter's instead of the English Capital's St. Paul's. The scene of the first, second, and third Acts is laid in a St. Petersburg mansion belonging to a lovely young woman named Lady Leslie Harrington. This beautiful damsel (represented by Miss Julia Neilson) loves to adoration a fine young English gentleman, one Julian Lascelles (Mr. Dawson Milward), who simply worships her. Their course of true love appears to run comparatively smooth—for a little while. It is, however, preserily sadly interrupted by the recently returned Korowski, now a full-blown local Prince, in love with the beautiful Lady Leslie.

From this point, of course, amatory alarms and excursions set in, and continue to rule lively, the pathetic and tragic episodes of the play being leavened, as it were, by sundry comic persiflage, supplied principally by Mrs. E. H. Brooke (whom I remember as a "Principal Boy") as Lady McMurrough from the Emerald Isle, Mr. Gillie Farquhar as Count Poniatowski, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry as a young Englishman named Vernon Foljambe.

MR. JAMES WELCH AS CLOWN.

Mr. James Welch is so quaint and effective a low-comedian and character-actor, and is so popular withal, that I felt sure that *Sketch* readers would like to know something about the new play which he is about to produce at Terry's, where he has again been gaining golden opinions in Mr. James Mortimer's clever adaptation, "My Artful Valet."

I dropped on this fine little comedian in his little sanctum at this little theatre just as he had decided to postpone the production of the new play from to-morrow (Thursday) until next Saturday, so as to avoid clashing with "The Heel of Achilles" at the Globe.

This new play is entitled "The New Clown," and by the time these lines have the honour of being scanned by you it will have had two or three trial-performances at Margate. The piece is the work of Mr. H. M. Paull, whose latest play is based, if my memory does not deceive me, upon one of the stories he wrote for *Hood's Annual*. It is described as "a pure farce," and is in three Acts. The first takes place at an up-river inn. Among the principal visitors here is Lord Cyril Garston, a terribly timid young aristocrat, who ere long, owing to circumstances over which he has no control, is led to believe that he has thrown his friend, Captain Jack Trent, into the adjacent river, and goes about, like Wilfred Denver (afterwards "The Silver King"), imagining himself a murderer.

While the poor little Lord is fleeing from the scene of his supposed crime, he meets with one Thomas Baker, a circus-clown, who, in consequence of having received notice that he has inherited a fortune of £200, resolves to abandon the profession of player for that of publican. Lord Cyril, on learning that the "make-up" for a clown affords an excellent facial disguise, arranges to personate this clown, and hies him to the circus to that end. He passes muster—*pro tem*.

On running through the piece with my friend Welch, it seemed to me that, in the character of the aristocratic clown, he has a part not only full of scope for his droll humour, but also opportunity for the display of that almost Robsonian quality of pathos of which he has, ere now, given some few excellent examples. The circus-girl, Rose Platt, has been taken up at short notice by Miss Nina Boucicault, owing to Miss Annie Hughes having suddenly resigned the part.

OUR GIFTED PIANIST, MISS FANNY DAVIES,

is visiting Paris, and, it is expected, will play at some important concerts. Meanwhile, Parisian musical critics have recognised the presence in Paris of the popular English artist and have spoken most graciously respecting her talent.

MASCAGNI,

the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has arranged with the celebrated publishers, Messrs. Ricordi, to produce two new operas, for which he is to receive £1600 each and forty per cent. of the profits.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL

A Good Sign—Ireland for Touring—An August Camp—Motor-Bicycles for Pacing—Cyclists and Lights—Keeping the Feet Warm.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 5, 5.54; Thursday, 5.56; Friday, 5.58; Saturday, 6; Sunday, 6.1; Monday, 6.3; Tuesday, 6.5.

There are indications that this coming summer we shall have a renewed boom in touring. Some men use their wheels for the admirable purpose of taking them to and from business; others are cheery potterers who go for a pleasant dawdle on a Saturday afternoon to rub out the rust of the week, and a little spin on the Sunday morning just to arouse an appetite for their Sabbath dinner. The true cyclist, however, is the tourist, the man who, with a minimum of luggage, sets off vagabonding with a hazy programme in his mind and is content to put up at any little wayside inn that he may come across at nightfall. This is an admirable way of spending a holiday, and I fancy most of us have dropped across the prettiest parts of our own country when wandering in a haphazard sort of way.

One of the most delightful bodies is the Cycle Camping Association. There are only about three dozen members at present, but they set off armed with tents and kit, pitch their nightly habitation in some picturesque glen or on a breezy hillside, and there spend the evening in nomadic fraternity; strike their tents in the morning, carry everything with them, and hie off to some other pleasant spot. There is just enough inconvenience—out of which, however, you can get plenty of fun, if you are in a proper mood—to give one the idea one is a real traveller. Folks who spend their holidays only in seaside boarding-houses have no idea what a charm there is in even a little amateur roughing of it. It is always my delight to see such societies flourish, and, if any of my readers are desirous of joining, the name of the Secretary is Mr. E. C. Pitt Johnson, 4, Lambridge, Bath.

We who live in what the Celt calls "the adjacent islands of Great Britain" are a little neglectful of our sister isle across St. George's Channel. I am sorry to say—and I do it in sackcloth and ashes—that I have never yet been awheel in Ireland. Many are the temptations held out to do so, and all enthusiastic cyclists should be thankful to Mr. R. J. McCreedy, who has done much for some years past to induce Sassenach cyclists to visit his country. A proposal has been made that, next August, Britishers should form themselves into a party and have a little cycling camp somewhere in Ireland, either in Wicklow or at the head of Loch Dan, both of which are in the midst of charming scenery.

There is a growing feeling among those cyclists who are fond of the racing side of the pastime that motor-bicycles should be used for pacing purposes. Of course, the motor is excellent for pacing; but I, as an amateur sportsman, am strongly against any of these artificial means to raise speed. Indeed, I am convinced that the reason racing

came to be unattractive to the great mass of the public was that races and records had ceased to be legitimate because of the extraneous aids to raise speed. A true race with a true record, showing a man's individual ability and stamina, is when he can rely on nothing but his own individual efforts. It is declared that using the motor-bicycle would revive sport. I am sure it would do nothing of the kind. The principal wheeling paper, *Cycling*, has been publishing some letters to this effect. But in another section of the paper last week there was a statement that nothing has been more farcical than the manner records have been made in France behind motors having both sides bulging out with dummy parts fitted so as to provide as much shelter and wind-cutting as it was possible to obtain. At first, of course, the motor-bicycle itself will be considered sufficient as a pacer; but gradually there will be the elevation of wind-shields, and then the appearance on our own racing-tracks of these pacers will be quite as absurd as anything that may be seen in France.

It is a frequent complaint that watches get out of order when worn whilst a man is on a motor. Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, have just produced a motor-car watch which is most serviceable and which motorists would do well in purchasing. I give an illustration of this watch, which will show how strong a thing it is.



S. SMITH AND SON'S MOTOR-CAR WATCH.

Once more the plea has been put forward that cyclists riding at nights run all sorts of dangers from the fact that vehicles do not always carry lights. Of course, a hundred arguments could be produced to show there should be an Act of Parliament compelling every van and every perambulator to carry a lamp. A distinguished cyclist urged not long ago that horsemen should be compelled to carry lights—I don't remember whether dangling from the bridle or attached to the riders' toes. We have only to follow that kind of plea to its legitimate conclusion to reach absurdity. Every sheep that is driven along a highway—and sheep are a frequent annoyance to riders—should be compelled to carry a lamp; dogs, that often cause upsets, should have little electric bulbs dangling from their collars, and no elderly lady or gentleman should be allowed, on pain of fourteen days' imprisonment, to cross a road without waving a red lamp! This overstating of cases brings only ridicule on what are legitimate requests on the part of cyclists. There are many things we still require and which, in all reasonableness, we should have, but we should remember there are other people in the world besides ourselves.

At the time of writing, we have been experiencing what is called a "cold snap." When properly clad, there is no exercise so exhilarating as cycling in frosty weather. By wearing fur-lined gloves or gloves that have been well vaselined, the cold can be largely prevented from affecting the fingers. It is different, however, in regard to the feet. In walking, the feet are kept warm by the repeated sharp contact with the ground, whilst in cycling there is nothing of this to assist circulation. Indeed, pedalling rather retards the circulation than helps it. More than once I have pointed out on this page that rubber-covered pedals are better for winter riding than those of the rat-trap pattern. General riders could, however, get advantage by always taking care to wear stout stockings and shoes that are not too tight-fitting.

Everybody this year should see they have their bicycles fitted with double brakes. Coasting is delightful, especially if there is no dread of a possible smash-up. And, with a couple of good brakes, one might slide down the steepest of hills, confident that the machine is well under control. Do not, however, have a double brake that is worked with one hand.

J. F. F.



MISS CONNIE EDISS IN HER MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Spring Handicaps.

Mr. Ord has given us a regular poser in the Lincoln Handicap this year. The weights have been apportioned on a flattering scale, and I think the winner should take some finding. Epsom Lad is, as a matter of course, given top-weight. Of the top-weights, Watershed and Doricles look best, but I think the actual winner will come from the lower division. St. Maclou, Victor Don, and Martagon are three I shall take on my side thus early, and I hope to see the trio among the contents. I think Ambush II. has been weighted right up to his form in the Grand National, but I am told he is the best chaser we have seen for years, and, despite his burden, I shall predict the success of the King's horse at Aintree. Easter Ogue, Drumree, and Levanter must be watched if they should accept. With fifty-four subscribers and a good handicap, the Chester Cup should prove a good betting medium. Cap and Bells II., Gyp, Parthian II., and Carabine are the sharps' tips for this race. I am told, however, that John Porter hopes to win with the unreliable Mannlicher. I think Volodyovski has a chance second to none for the City and Suburban. He runs well over the course and is a weight-carrier. Of course, if the race should be selected for Parthian II., it would be useless to look farther for the winner, as the Australian is well acclimatised. I am told Black Sand is a good thing for the Great Metropolitan.

Two-Year-Old Names.

I passed a pleasant hour or two the other day in glancing through the list of two-year-old names. Having to become conversant with these names later in the year, amusement was thus combined with instruction. It seems to me that the ideal name of a horse is one that gives a hint of the sire and dam, but very seldom does one strike such a name. Mr. Russel has, however, adopted this plan in the naming of some of his young Whittiers, one instance being Storm Song for a filly by Whittier out of Squall, and a second, The Poet, by Whittier out of Medley. Another neat name is Suzerainty, given by Mr. J. S. Curtis to a filly by Contract out of Supremacy. Seeing that Mr. Curtis raced a good deal in South Africa, it does not require a great stretch of imagination to guess what he was thinking about when he christened this filly. Personally, Sir Edgar Vincent knows his Scott; he has named a filly by Kenilworth out of Princess Bladud, Amy Robsart, the tragedy of whose life has brought tears to many eyes. One name in the list which caused me to muse for some time was that of Pericles. I was at once visioning Vittoria and her mad, gesticulating, Greek admirer who was so infatuated with her voice as to follow her at the tail of war in which she, with Laura Piaveni, relieved the sufferings of the poor Italians fighting for their liberty. Before taking up my Ruff again, I had traced her career backwards in my mind to those nights when Vittoria, then known as Sandra Belloni, sang to Mr. Pericles and others under the moon.

Other Names.

A journalist friend of mine will probably have a chance of "napping" his own signature this season, for there is a colt named Arion, by Florizel II. out of Lesbos, which has no fewer than nineteen engagements. This is a well-named youngster, seeing that Arion, "the famous lyrical poet and musician, son of Cyclos and Methymna," as our faithful Lemprière describes him, was born in the island from which the dam takes her name. Some owners seem to delight in punning names, or those that play upon words, as: Popular Air, colt by Ayrshire out of Gallery, and You Go Off, filly by Sir Hugo out of Fuse. A few of the names made up of parts of those of sire and dam are neat, and amongst those to be commended are: Esther's Child, filly by Childwick out of Esther Clarke; Galloping Girdle, colt by Galloping Lad out of Girdle Cake; and Pershore, colt by Persimmon out of Virginia Shore. One or two "poetical" names are registered besides those bestowed by Mr. Russel. For instance, I hit upon Chaucer, colt by St. Simon out of Canterbury Pilgrim, and Omar Khayyam, colt by Love Wisely out of Under the Rose. The last-named colt belongs to Sir Waldie Griffith. A rule of the Jockey Club says no two horses may

possess the same name without one of them being distinguishable by numerals. Then why has the name Claribel been allowed? I have an idea an animal with that name has run within recent years. There was a White Webbs II. running last year, and now we have a two-year-old of the same name without the numerals. This is explained by the fact that the younger horse was named first.

A Derby Horse.

Some of the fierce light that beats about a Derby horse will fall on the Compton Stable this year, for at that place is trained Csardas, an animal that is likely to take a prominent part in the great race at Epsom. The responsibility of training a Derby horse is big enough in all conscience nowadays, when owners are keener than ever about winning the "blue riband of the Turf," but on W. G. Stevens it sits lightly enough. By long experience, he knows just what is required in the development of a three-year-old which is the centre of the highest aspirations and expectations. Besides Csardas, Stevens has other sixty-nine animals under his charge (he and W. Elsey invariably have the largest number of thoroughbreds in training), thirty of which are two-year-olds—mostly without names—from which lot he ought to send out more than one smart one.

National Hunt Sport.

Some of the sport we have seen lately has been execrable. A large number of the races have been surrounded with mystery and "nastiness." It is an axiom that the result of the majority of selling steeplechases can be foretold by the operations in the ring. That is to say, one can hit upon the winner most times by the process of deleting those the market says are out for an airing only. This to a very considerable extent accounts

for the varied and remarkable evolutions in form we see in this kind of race, for the limited number of animals that take part in them cannot always be lookers-on. That would hardly do. But we are so used to these evolutions that it would come as a shock were National Hunt officials to inquire into the reasons why their sport has fallen so low.—CAPTAIN COE.



Photograph by Mayall and Co.]

MR. WILLIAM HARGRAVE PAWSON.



[Photograph by Lafayette.

MISS VIOLET GASKELL.

MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, ON JAN. 28.

A SPORTSMAN'S WEDDING.

One of the prettiest and certainly one of the most interesting weddings of recent years in the sporting world took place last Tuesday week (Jan. 28) at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the contracting parties being Mr. William Hargrave Pawson, the well-known owner of racehorses and amateur rider, eldest son of the late Mr. W. Hargrave Pawson, of Shawdon, Northumberland, and Miss Violet Gaskell, elder daughter of Captain Upton Gaskell, of Ingersley, Cheshire, and 19, Great Cumberland Place, London. The church, which was beautifully decorated with palms and white lilies, was crowded with relatives and friends, and the service was fully choral.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by four bridesmaids, namely, Miss Maud Gaskell, sister of the bride; Miss Bunty Pawson, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Dorothy Leon, daughter of Lady Wood; and Miss Grace Johnstone, daughter of Mr. Heywood Johnstone, M.P.; whilst two little girls, Miss Lorna Jervis and Miss Lorne Macnaughton, acted as train-bearers. The bride was attired in a lovely Empire gown of Brussels lace over Oriental satin.

The bridesmaids' dresses were very effective—cerise with black velvet bands, representing Mr. Pawson's racing-colours—and added brilliancy to the scene. The best man was Mr. F. G. Lushington, familiarly known as Mr. Teddy Lushington, who for services rendered to His Majesty's steeplechasers has at different times received souvenirs from the King, including an old Irish silver cup bearing the Royal Arms and presented in commemoration of the victory of Ambush II. at the Liverpool Grand National Meeting. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a large reception was held at 19, Great Cumberland Street, the residence of the father of the bride, and later in the day the happy couple left for Waldershare Park, Dover, which has been kindly lent them by the Earl and Countess of Guilford. Here the first part of the honeymoon will be spent, but during the latter portion Mr. and Mrs. Pawson will travel abroad.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IF an Englishman's home is his castle, it may be added as a corollary that an Englishwoman's privilege is to grumble at most things within and without that shelter, and one which she exercises very fully. It is not enough to say that we take our pleasures sadly; we go farther, and take them grumblingly. The weather is the hardest-worked scape-goat. In winter we gird at grey skies, in summer at the smells and the stuffiness of London. The spring brings bleak winds and bronchitis, and autumn is reviled for being dripping and dull, as, in the nature of Northern things, it should be. If anyone further wishes to make a modern Anatomy of the National Melancholy, it is only necessary to attend a garden-party or a big dinner or any other meeting which gathers the Anglo-Saxon on his native soil. Foreigners ask why, and conclude it is the climate. But this cannot be, for our light-hearted neighbours across the Irish Channel live three-quarters of the year in a vapour-bath, varied by an occasional Atlantic rumpus. Yet Pat has ever ready a quip and a crank, despite hereditary woes, present poverty, and no outlook to speak of. Even up in chilly North Britain, beyond taking the bawbees too seriously, Sandy will disclose the humorous Celt even in the nightmare surrounding of a wet day in Glasgow. Centuries of hereditary beef and beer are accountable for some British sadness, prosperity for more. A man who has never hungered has never enjoyed, just as one concludes that a woman who has never had a grievance is incomplete indeed. The deepest cause of discontent with us to-day seems to lie in the inadequacy of our husbands' incomes. Whatever they reach, there is never enough—or

will come to in this year of grace, who can foresee? With a still more iniquitous income-tax looming in the near future, a limitless vista of this ruinous War going on more or less for ever, and the



[Copyright.]

HANDSOME VELVET GOWN FOR EARLY SPRING.

seems not to be—for our dire necessities of new frocks, new frocks, and still more new frocks, and one hears and knows of more feminine forked lightning and masculine thunder on this one subject than on any other. What the British Constitution as represented by our mankind



[Copyright.]

GREY CLOTH WITH BLACK VELVET AND GUIPURE.

positive necessity of being very gay and extravagant in Coronation Year, there seems a prospect of some grumbling.

Perhaps, after all, it is as well that John Bull does grumble. It gives escape to that dangerous steam on every subject, from petticoats to politics, which, if never let off, whether in Hyde Park spoutings or household elegiacs, would constitute a no less real danger here than it did a hundred years ago in France. Meanwhile, every woman, from Brixton to Belgravia, begins to be occupied with the great affair of spring garments, and, though we are more concerned with the latter *monde*, there is no less fluttering in the sparrow-nests of Suburbia than in the dove-cotes of Dover Street from where the mandates as to the manner of our clothes now mainly issue. Gold and silver are, appropriately enough, to figure much on Court-costumes and others of importance this season, gold and silver tissue under lace and chiffon over-dresses being the conceit of a great Parisian who dresses many of the most highly placed *dames Anglaise*. Outdoor-gowns of taffetas, flounced and edged with narrow lace and velvet, recall the days when Eugénie de Montijo led European fashions. The bell-shaped sleeve continues to elaborate itself. Ribbon-threaded "tuckers" appear inside transparent blouses, and even the single curl lying droopingly on the neck has begun to revisit the glimpses of Society, which seems bent on an early Victorian revival—glorified, of course, but still early Victorian.

Nor is it only the Eternal Feminine that is bent on embellishment this year. Coronation booklets that deal with ermine-decked Court-robcs, full-dress uniforms, naval and military, official uniforms to suit all cases, from a "D.L." to a delegate, are issued galore by the smart

man's tailor, and it must rejoice the hearts of City Deputies to behold the scarlet-and-gold in which, for the nonce, their peaceful persons will be encased. I am inclined to think that of all others, whether Diplomatic service or Civil, the most becoming form of present masculine dress is the simple Levée outfit of black velvet, white waistcoat, and steel-hilted sword. I have seen it tone down ruddy bumpkin Squires and lift out of pale insignificance even a Transatlantic company-promoter—which is praise indeed! Doré and Sons, of 25, Conduit Street, are specialists in all masculine trappings, and have issued a quite interesting booklet on the subject of men's dress for forthcoming festivities, which should be applied for by everyone, official or otherwise, who wants some practical light on the subject in this year of grace and gold lace.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPEL COURT (Horsham).—No, I am not alarmed at hearing from "a man." The Ladies' Pages are open to all and sundry, though the sundry do not often avail themselves of that superlative advantage. I fancy your case will be met by some bottles of Rowland's Macassar Oil, which has stood the test of all rivals for over a century as an effectual hair-restorer. It is not greasy, which is a special advantage. Another useful preparation by the same people is the famous "Kalydor," which men find as soothing after a shave as women do for preventing chapped lips and skin.

MABEL (Ledbury).—Redfern will make your girl's habit. I know of no one better. Plenty of outdoor exercise is probably what she wants. You might try also the Crown Malt Extract, which is made at the King's Brewery, Copenhagen, and can be had



REGIMENTAL PLATE FOR THE 9TH MADRAS INFANTRY.

from any good chemist. I hear it is greatly recommended for anæmia. They used it on board the *Fram* in the Polar Expedition instead of beer. It is now coming into as much favour in England as it has long been in Denmark.

SYBIL.

SILVER CENTREPIECE FOR THE 9TH MADRAS INFANTRY.

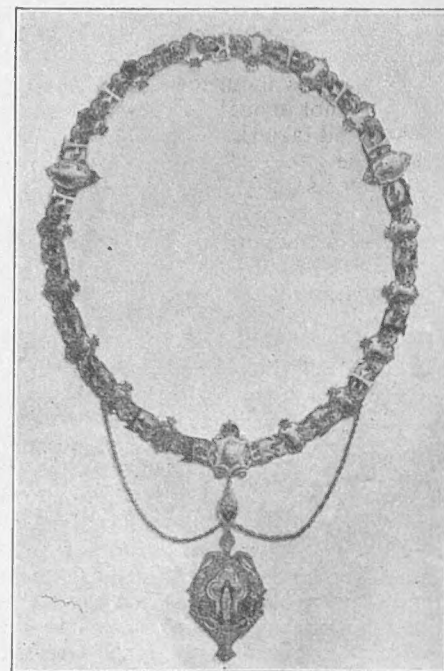
Herewith I present a photo of a unique sterling silver centrepiece just modelled for the 9th Madras Infantry, and forming an exact replica of their regimental badge, with the figures of a native officer and Havildar, both in fighting kit, added at either extremity. It is intended for addition to the regimental plate, and I believe it to be one of the finest specimens of the silversmith's craft ever produced in this country. It was modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, London, W., and Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian has directed that, in consequence of the Sale of Irish Industries falling in the same week as the dates first appointed by her for that of the Royal School of Art Needlework, the Sale at the School shall be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, March 12, 13, and 14, instead of the following week, as first notified.

The War Office is coming into line with modern methods. Typewriters will be generally used at the War Office in future, for two hundred and fifty-three Remingtons have been ordered by the authorities. For upwards of twelve years Mr. J. W. Earle has had control of the Remington Typewriter organisation for Great Britain. He has now left for New York to take an important position in the control of the whole organisation of the Remington business throughout the world. In order to mark their appreciation of Mr. Earle, a presentation was made to him of a magnificent service of plate by the employés of the Company at the Hôtel Cecil before his departure.

MAYORAL CHAIN AND BADGE FOR FULHAM.

This badge, presented to the Metropolitan Borough of Fulham by Mr. Councillor Timothy Davies, J.P., L.C.C., is oval in shape, having in the centre a figure in enamel in relief of a maiden rising out of mire, symbolically representing the raising of the Borough from a marshy and muddy state to a flourishing condition; above are depicted two cranes or fowls, signifying, as given by some authorities, the derivation or origin of the name of Fulham, and below appears the head of Father Thames, the river at one time running through the Borough. There are two connecting links, the first being lozenge-shaped, containing the Arms of the Bishop of London, commemorating the fact of the residence for centuries of the Bishops in the Borough. The second link is composed of the initials of the donor. The chain is composed of alternate shields and the letter F, connected by the old wave-link pattern chain. The shields have a crane on either side and are surmounted by a civic or mural crown. The centre link is surmounted by an Imperial Crown, and the two shoulder-links have a crane on either side at top. This chain and badge was designed by Mr. Councillor Ernest Avern, and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



CHAIN AND BADGE PRESENTED TO THE BOROUGH OF FULHAM.

THE ALTERATIONS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

It has not been an easy task to deal with a Gothic building already decorated in the early Victorian style. Messrs. Waring and their artists have grappled with the difficulties in a spirit of thoroughness, and with gratifying results. A brilliant effect has been obtained by employing large surfaces of cream-white as a background for the superb works of art in which the apartments abound. The rooms reserved for the Princesses are marked by a homely comfort and a total absence of everything in the way of regal splendour. In the King's bedroom, a splendidly proportioned apartment, the colour predominating is an Irish green; at least the heavily woven carpet from the Sister Isle, which gives the keynote of the colour scheme, is made by Irish labour, the silk panels and window draperies taking up the same colour in a softer tone.



MRS. COLONEL FITZGEORGE (DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE), WHO HAS RECENTLY OPENED A BEAUTIFYING ESTABLISHMENT IN GRAFTON STREET. Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W. (See "Frocks and Furbelows" of last week.)

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.

THE WEEK.

WHAT with peace rumours, Dutch mediation, and other like matters, to say nothing of a strong Bank return and an all-round improvement in Money Market conditions, we have had a most cheerful week. It has been quite like old times again, with all sorts and conditions of tips flying about, and everybody scrambling to buy *something*, so as not to be out of it.

There has been a very good demand for the highest class of investment stock, and the success of the County Council issue is the best evidence of the large amount of money that is waiting for suitable opportunity to be made remunerative.

The Bank Reserve of 25½ millions points to an early reduction in the minimum to 3 per cent., and, but for the unsatisfactory Home Railway dividends, everybody would be happy, except, perhaps, the underwriters of the West Australian loan, who are said to be stuck with 75 per cent.

"Generalities are very good," we hear our readers exclaim, "but we want 'tips.'" Now, in these columns we have always avoided posing as "tipsters," and all we can say is that we have bought a few A. Georze and Co. for ourselves, and hear on very good authority that Knights have sold some of their deep-level claims for a large sum and that Transvaal Coal Trust will see much higher prices. If any readers desire to put these ideas into practice, it would be as well for them to note the price at which these shares stand when these Notes are written and when they come to their notice. Our information as to Geduld was good, as one or two successful buyers can testify, and the above recommendations come from the same quarter.

This week we give an illustration of Mr. Whitaker Wright's mansion at Godalming, which we hope will prove of interest to Mr. Barnes, no less than to the Globe shareholders.

THE ROAR OF THE KAFFIR BOOM.

The seventh year has cycled round since the last great Kaffir boom, and now the Stock Exchange is making its Coronation expenses well in advance of the event. It is hardly correct to say, as some do, that the House is busier now than ever it has been before, busier than it was in the Ninety-Five time. This is not the case, although appearances point to a swelling of the boom such as might easily lead to all previous records being broken. The British public are at length coming into the market, and although a large number of sales are held by holders only too glad to take their handsome profits, the volume of buying orders keeps well ahead of the supply. In some instances, of course, there are heavy "taps" of shares running, and those who hold stakes in apparently good concerns which do not greatly "go," may accept this as a good reason in the majority of cases. But it is exceedingly difficult to put one's hand on any share and say that such a one has been overlooked. Jubilees have not moved much so far, and at about 7 to 7½ they might be worth buying. The capital is only £50,000, but, then, the mine's life is only seven-and-a-half years. Still, it holds over 1300 Villages and 20,139 South City shares, to say nothing of its interests in several other areas less closely definable. In 1895 the shares went to 12½ and in 1900 they saw 4, these two quotations representing the highest and lowest for the past seven years. The Jubilee is, of course, an outcrop, and, turning to the more speculative list, Rand Victoria East are said to be on the eve of a rise. The present price is just under 2½, and the Company confesses the paternity of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa. Geduld shares are one of the sensations of the time, and, from the 7½ at which they were "tipped" in last week's *Sketch*, rose to 9¼ on Saturday. Bechuanaland Exploration have also advanced, and the whole tone of the Rhodesian department has been immensely stimulated by news of the Charter Trust, Ltd. The Kaffir Circus shows signs of wildness; but, with the public in its present buying mood, we are prepared to see it go better still. Among the concerns lately introduced to public notice, the Randfontein Extensions is spoken of. The claims, 69 in number, adjoin the well-known Randfontein Estates, twenty-five miles west of Johannesburg, and are said to have the Bothas, Buffelsdoorn, and other reefs running through them.

OUR TELEGRAPH TIP.

Writing some weeks ago, we drew attention to the very serious slump that had taken place in stocks and shares of the Telegraph Market. The main cause was, of course, the dread fear of what Signor Marconi would be able to accomplish with his wireless system, a fear that we were so strongly convinced was premature that we ventured to press the claims of such things as Eastern Telegraph

stock, Eastern Extension shares, and Anglo-American Preferred stock as being obtainable at ridiculously low prices. Within the last few days the forecast has been fulfilled. Eastern Ordinary is now nearly 10 points better, Anglo-American Preferred has scored 6, and Eastern Extension shares are some 30s. higher than they were when their cheapness was pointed out. It seems very probable that a further advance will be established, and we should not advise profit-taking sales to be made yet. Reflecting the renewed buoyancy of the Telegraph department, Globe Telegraph and Trust shares of both descriptions are hardening, especially the Preference, which we have frequently suggested as a steady 4 per cent. investment.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

When I was rung up to-day and gently—but very firmly—asked for a Stock Exchange Letter for *The Sketch*, my first impulse was to exclaim, "Oh, please Sir, it isn't my turn this week, Sir!" But there is something so winning and yet withal so awe-inspiring about the tone of my tyrannical Editor's voice that I answered in the affirmative with as much deceptive glee as I could squeeze into my telephone-tenor. It had been a hard day in the Kaffir Market, and—but there! once you start talking about Kaffirs, everything else flies out of your mind, and the Boom is to the average Houseman what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick, only a little more so, because there is more money in it. (Mixed metaphoricians may quote this sentence as their own on payment of the usual advertising rates.)

The possibility of peace breaking out has come as a boon and a blessing to those connected with the Stock Exchange. Oh, Mr. Balfour, why *didn't* you tell me you were going to make that historical speech of yours the other day? The speech, I mean, in which you affirmed so little and denied so much. Curious thing, is it not, that rumours were afloat all day long as to an important announcement being made in the evening on the subject? Whence came they, those rumours? I cannot tell, but maybe some of those who have private telephones to Downing Street might be enabled to enlighten us. Happily for England, it may fairly be said that in the suspicious Stock Exchange no charges of speculation are ever seriously urged against highly placed members of the Government, save one. That some of the lesser lights gamble is common knowledge, and it would be interesting to hear the Official Receiver's opinion as to how Government officials should invest their money. He has already

told us that journalists should put their savings into the Post Office Savings Bank, thereby intimating that he knows an honest journalist could not, except as an exception, save much money, seeing that the limit to Post Office deposits is £200 in all.

Talking of Downing Street reminds me that we of the Stock Exchange have a severe quarrel with the officials of the Crown Agents to the Colonies. One or two Colonial issues have been made by them within the last few months—it was Ceylon who foolishly sought the Crown Agent's assistance but a week or so since—and the applicant for stock appears to be the last person considered in every way. It is bad enough, in the first place, to have to send up to Downing Street with application-forms, particularly on a busy day. It is worse to have it stated that subscription-lists would be kept open for a certain time, and then to have them suddenly closed after being open for a few hours. Nor is irritation allayed by condescending nonchalance on the part of the red-tape-tied authorities in the West-End. Colonies who contemplate new loans and who wish to make their issues popular with the investor should carefully steer clear of

the Crown Agents, whose little ways are rapidly bringing into disrepute all stocks unfortunate enough to be under their control.

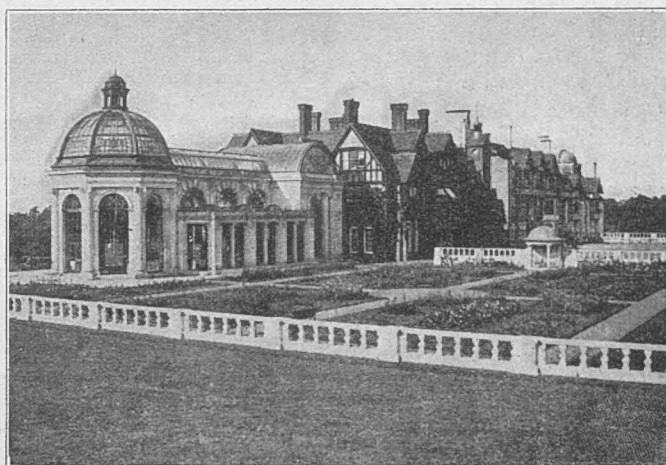
What I have said, I have said.

They tell me it is still right to buy Lyons shares if only on account of the enormous business doing at the Company's dining-halls opposite the Stock Exchange. I do not think the advice is far wrong, either, for the restaurant is doing a roaring trade, and the prices charged are—well, you can do it cheaper at the "A. B. C." anyway. The speculative investor in the country ought to buy herself a few Lyons, if only to feel that she has an interest in the Kaffir boom. And, by the way, sound financial authorities in the Stock Exchange are saying that Waterworks stocks are about to have a steady rise all round. The best class pay from 3¼ to 3½ per cent., and the said authorities look for a rising market within the next few months. Now, the worthy investor who buys West Middlesex or East London Water has an excellent security, whatever our Radical friends may say, and, although quotations are pretty high now, the Government proposals are likely to render them even more so in the near future.

It will be observed that by various circumlocutory (six syllables, observe) paths I am travelling round to the Kaffir orbit, but first let me express my dear delight in seeing our Lord Mayor and other Stock Exchange dignitaries making such a sorry spectacle of themselves at their Mutual-Congratulation-Society dinner last week. They did say such nice things to one another, but, oh! they told such wicked stories—falsehoods, I hasten to explain; nobody ever suspected a Stock Exchange Manager of knowing any other kind of story. Mr. Hichens himself it was, who I grieve to say, unblushingly informed poor Sir Joseph Dimsdale (who took it all in with the wine) that it was the first time the Stock Exchange had been invited to the Mansion House. Why, it is not yet thirty years ago that we, the Managers and the Committee of the Stock Exchange, went to the Mansion House at the invitation of Lord Mayor Cotton. Somebody wrote a poem about it, and copies of the verses were sold on behalf of the Benevolent Fund, realising about eight pounds. The last quatrain still haunts the memories of us older generation. It ran—

Good luck and great Prosperity
Alight on Lord Mayor Cotton,
And by Lord Mayors to come may we
Henceforth be not forgotten.

The Kaffir Boom is Here! Upon my own single authority I make this remarkable announcement to a waiting world, and boldly stand up at the great moral Court of Claims to challenge the right of anybody to deny it. The roar of the mighty Boom is in our ears; you have only got to go through Throgmorton Street any evening about five o'clock to prove this for yourself; its hot breath is in our faces, making frequent ablutions more desirable than practicable; its dust is on our hair, in our throats, on our clothes, and all over our offices; its trail is seen in the vanished gold watches stolen in street-markets, in the abstention of Housemen from home at the usual dinner-time, in our bank-balances. I think I may quite safely declare that anything South African which



MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S HOUSE NEAR GODALMING.

